**ORLANDO LETELIER: DEAD BY WHOSE HAND?**

# THE NATION

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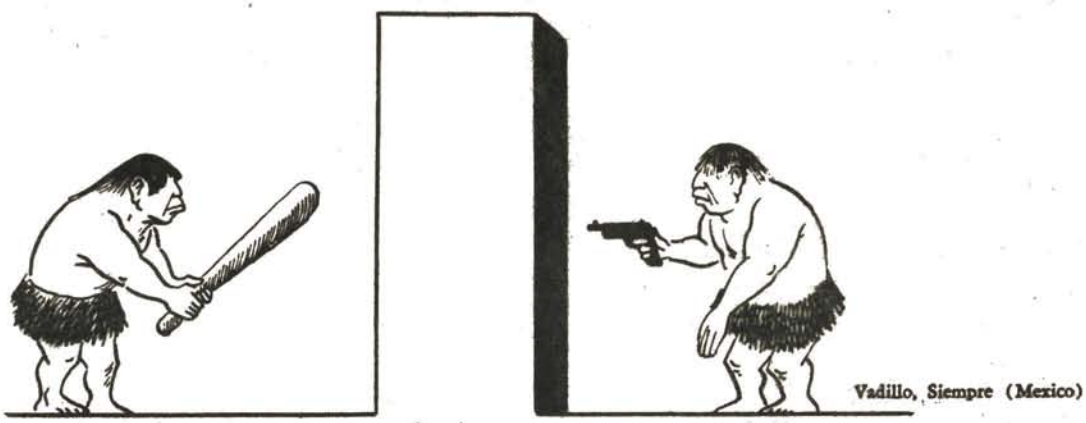

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

**Defending the Indefensible** **Andrew Boyd**

## BRITAIN STOOPS TO TORTURE

**PUERTO RICO**

## Rising Tide For Independence

***ALAN HOWARD***

**TWO YEARS AFTER UNION 'VICTORY'**

## THE SOUTHERN TEXTILE WAR

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# LETTERS

## imperialism's back yard

*Camas, Wash.*

The article by Orlando Letelier on Milton Friedman & Co.'s "shock treatment" for Chile [*The Nation*, Aug. 28] illustrates quite clearly the type of economic strategy that the United States intends for the nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America: the enrichment of the already rich and the impoverishment of the already poor in order to reinforce the grip of the landowning and business classes who, in turn, keep their nations open to U.S. corporations, AID, and other institutions of the "free world."

Together with the recent article by Rose Styron [*The Nation*, Aug. 14] on the Uruguayan version of Pinochet, Letelier's article shows that the naive idealism of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations of "freedom revolutions" and "inter-Americanism" has been junked completely and outright love for military dictatorship has replaced it. . . . As Richard Gott wrote in the June 13th *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, it is quite likely that the Phoenix program has been transferred from Vietnam to Latin America, with Dr. Kissinger desperate to shore up his empire which has met defeat in Southeast Asia and has been outmaneuvered in Africa. He wants to make sure that U.S. imperialism's back yard is "secure" for capitalism and profits. The mounds of bodies done away with by the Death Squads are the result. . . . *Frank W. Goheen*

## marriage of confusion

*New York City*

The letter you published in the Sept. 25th issue regarding my review of Heilbroner's *Business Civilization in Decline* (*The Nation*, July 17) is neither serious nor honest.

This Tertius Chandler takes my comments on Swedish economic planning and has the mendacity to marry them to another paragraph in which I am critical of "socialist" planning in the Soviet Union and the Eastern European countries. Thus, he has me saying of *Sweden* that it cannot "overcome its propensities toward overproduction, its shoddiness in quality, and its far from satisfactory regard for consumer needs and wants." There could be no mistaking the fact that these remarks were *not* being applied to Sweden.

He asserts that "in regard to Sweden [I] am wrong on all points." That would be quite true if I had ever written such foolishness. Anyone who has read my review of Gunnar Myrdal's *The Political Element in the Development of Economic Theory* (*The Nation*, Oct. 18, 1975) would know what respect and admiration I have for the accomplishments of Sweden's economic and social planning. The distortions of my thinking to which your correspondent resorted must not remain unanswered. *Victor Lebow*

## Texaco's zeal

*Silver Spring, Md.*

Barry Rubin's article on the Arab boycott [*The Nation*, Sept. 11] named Texaco as a U.S. firm eager "to avoid any contaminating contact with Israel." It is interesting to note that Texaco willingly provided enormous and vitally needed petroleum supplies on unguaranteed credit to Franco's forces from the very beginning of their rebellion in Spain, despite being fined for violation of the U.S. Embargo Act (see Hugh Thomas's *The Spanish Civil War* and Gabriel Jackson's *The Spanish Republic and the Civil War, 1931-1939*). And, if memory serves, Drew Pearson reported years ago that Texaco was involved in the overthrow of President Juan Bosch in the Dominican Republic in 1963.

Some investigative reporters should dig out more information on Texaco's and other firms' actions which undermine democratic governments and run counter to what ought to be U.S. Government policy. . . . *Edd Doerr*

# EDITORIALS

## Orlando Letelier: Dead by Whose Hand?

Political terrorism has come home to roost in Washington. Orlando Letelier, the former ambassador of the last elected government of Chile—a government which our government relentlessly attacked in the name of anti-communism and in the interest of predatory capitalism—has been assassinated by a bomb whose explosion rattled the windows of the White House and the State Department. And the gangster regime that took over in Chile under our sponsorship is now rid of its most articulate and effective foe, a man who took refuge with us and whose life we could not, or at least did not, protect. An American, Ronni Karpen Moffitt, also died and her husband, Michael Moffitt, was injured. The wickedness of our foreign policy has girdled the globe; what it has meant to the world was symbolized with terrible dramatic economy, on September 21, when that car blew up on Embassy Row.

We do not know, we may never know, who the assassins were, but we can identify their beneficiaries—Pinochet and his henchmen of the Chilean junta; and we can identify their accomplices—the custodians of American foreign policy who have exercised their irresponsible power in our name. We have supported despotism in the cause of "stability" (read free enterprise) and we have blinked at the terrorism which despots must employ to survive. We have done more than blink: we have trained terrorists in our "counterintelligence" schools, we have armed them and filled their pockets. Now they are murdering in our national capital, and we shout our outrage for the world to hear. The world may wonder that we are surprised—or even shocked.

*The Nation* published a significant article by Orlando Letelier four weeks ago (August 28). It was entitled "Economic 'Freedom's' Awful Toll," and it told how the military dictatorship which killed Salvador Allende and replaced his elected government with a brutal dictatorship had, under the rubric of "austerity," ground down the people of Chile. It also spelled out how American capital was supporting the Pinochet regime and how the conservative American economist Prof. Milton Friedman and his "Chicago boys" were ruining the economy of Chile while they pretended to resurrect it as a pure "free enterprise" system—which meant supporting the monopolists and landowning oligarchs.

Letelier made the essential political connection in that article—that the kind of economic organization the United States was fostering in Chile absolutely required a "system of terror . . . to succeed." And now that system of terror has reached out and struck down by murder an opponent of the dictatorship which the United States did so much to install. The appalling irony of Letelier's death is that it occurred where it did, but irony is a short, if sometimes cruel, way to truth.

If *The Nation* makes evident its dark suspicions about the motives the Pinochet regime had to dispose of Or-


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lando Letelier, by whatever means were necessary, it goes no further than did Senator Abourezk, Senator Kennedy and several Congressmen who, in the Capitol that Tuesday, demanded the most thorough investigation of this outrage and expressed their own hostility to the present government of Chile.

Orlando Letelier was a truly remarkable man, as a person and as a political thinker and government official. He was a brilliant economist, more accustomed to sober analysis than to political passion. But the dreadful oppressions of the Pinochet government drove even this rational man to speak with great feeling about the fate of his country. He spoke the following words in the week when General Pinochet signed a decree depriving him of his "nationality." (He told us the decree was entirely illegal under the Chilean constitution, but added that he regarded Pinochet's action as "a kind of decoration.")

On September 10 at a New York City rally sponsored by Chile Democratico and the Committee for Human Rights in Chile he uttered words that, eleven days later, could serve as his epitaph: "Today," he said, "is a dramatic day in my life, in which the action of the Fascist generals against me makes me feel more Chilean than ever, because we are the true Chileans in the tradition of O'Higgins, Balmaceda, Allende, Neruda and Victor Jara, and they—the Fascists—are the enemies of Chile. I was born a Chilean, I am a Chilean and I will die a Chilean. They—the Fascists—were born traitors, they live as traitors, and they will live forever as Fascist traitors."

To Orlando's wife and four children, and to the family of Ronni Karpen Moffitt we express our deepest sympathy and sorrow over this dreadful crime in this nation's capital.

## Barnstorming in Africa

At any moment we may be told that Secretary of State Kissinger has achieved a "breakthrough," even an "historic breakthrough," in southern Africa. These words are written in anticipation of such a development—and to warn against it. If the calculated pessimism the Secretary has been giving out from his "shuttle" suddenly turns to restrained or ebullient optimism, we should be on guard against an easy acceptance of the switch.

It is quite possible that in Rhodesia and South Africa the lid on the cauldron of race relations may continue to rattle noisily for a while without actually blowing off. That state of hatred just short of explosion may last through November 2, the date of the American election, and it is not far-fetched to suggest that this is the time-frame, as they used to say in the Nixon White House, that most concerns Kissinger. Clearly, American politics is deeply involved in his self-imposed mission.

Kissinger is dealing with two more or less outlaw governments. Rhodesia, where the 4 per cent of whites hold down the 96 per cent of blacks, is more than that—pariah is not too strong a term. South Africa's hateful policy toward its 18 million blacks (there are 4 million whites) has made the word "apartheid" a term of opprobrium around the globe. Even when the euphemism

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"separate development" is employed, it fails to mask that policy of oppression.

Kissinger is also dealing with the governments of the black nations that lie to the north of Rhodesia and South Africa. He purports to be trying to get, principally, Nyerere of Tanzania and Kaunda of Zambia to leash the dogs of war. That may well be beyond their capability, even if they should agree with Kissinger that more patience is in order after these many years of white failure to make any accommodation with the black majorities.

The guerrillas around intransigent Rhodesia are growing steadily in numbers and strength and it is hard to imagine how an outsider of any color can make them cease their operations. For Kissinger, if not for the Africans involved, there lurks the specter of Russian-Cuban intervention, but considerations of global balances of power can hardly be the main, or even secondary, concerns of Africans engaged in what they must see as a struggle for long-postponed basic rights.

In this struggle Kissinger's arms are only his fabled powers of persuasion and the promise of dollars. His persuasiveness really has a chance to work only on Rhodesia, and snake oil seems an unlikely solvent for the crass stubbornness of the white settler government of Ian Smith. Smith has a long record of making and breaking agreements; his word is worth precisely nothing.

Kissinger's real weapon is American money—with a dollop from Britain—to bribe the white Rhodesians simply to abandon that country. The sums the Secretary is said to be discreetly whispering run as high as $2 billion. No one close to the scene seems sure that even that staggering bribe will work with the entrenched whites.

Another aspect of the dollar matter goes a long way to explain Kissinger's role in southern Africa: he is acting, in effect, as the trustee of Western capitalism's huge investment in South Africa. Two years ago American corporations had a stake there of $1.5 billion, twice what it had been in 1968, and the rate of return from that exploitative system was unusually high. Beyond this immediate area there is the question of American guarantees for Western capitalism's investments in the rest of the world, and Kissinger would like to display again the kind of firmness that propped up those shaky dominoes in Indochina for so long.

Everyone must favor an outcome in southern Africa that will minimize violence, but one must question the timing and motivation of Kissinger's belated intervention and the sincerity, if that is a useful diplomatic term, of this last spectacular, *fin de carrière* operation of the wide-ranging Secretary of State.

## Sinking Spell

As these lines are written, we are in two kinds of political pause. The Big Pause is the one before The Debates. The Little Pause, though the more fundamental one, is in the economy. (It was Alan Greenspan, the administration's economic alchemist, who discovered that "pause," which sounds much better than "halt" when applied to the slowdown of business recovery.)

In both cases, momentum is lost, to resurrect that term from the primary season. President Ford is apparently running against himself. He talks as if the other party were already in the White House, making all those mistakes. Governor Carter is a dimmer and less appealing figure than he was a while back. There is so much chatter from his campaign staff that whatever he has to say is lost in the static.

His political character is really that of a loner. He is therefore not at his best when trying to bring his scattered party together. The scene with the reactionary Southern Senators, Eastland and Stennis, in which the conventional politeness of politicians came out as insincerity on Carter's part, was most unfortunate. His black supporters, and liberals generally, must gag at that sort of display.

Ford's overeagerness was illustrated when he jumped on Carter for his soak-the-rich tax interview with the Associated Press (the Republicans tried to make it sound like soak the middle class). All Carter need have done to refute that charge was refer to the Democratic platform, which is quite impeccable on taxation, while the Republican tax plank sounds as if it were written in a multinational corporation's boardroom.

Congress seems so much out of the political arena these days that all that is worth noting about it is that the opening prayer on September 14 in the House asked the Lord to "help them [the House members] to be sufficiently free from anxiety that they may give their best to their awesome responsibilities." Many of them, if the polls are to be credited, have reason to be anxious.

The economic pause drags on, and the political pause will end, we are told on every hand, in the storm of debate. That remains to be proven, twice more.

## Environmental Homicide

For fifty years and more the city of Los Angeles, through its Department of Water and Power, has been tapping the water resources of beautiful Owens Valley, some 242 miles to the northeast. Years ago agents for the city secretly bought up large tracts in the valley and the water rights that went with them. By the time the city's purchases were made public, it had already secured most of the the water rights in the valley. Once they learned how they had been deceived, the pioneer residents of the valley staged a protracted, sometimes violent, resistance, but the struggle went against them. Nowadays something like 1.5 trillion gallons of water flow each year through the Owens Valley aqueduct to Los Angeles.

Recently this historic controversy—aspects of which were touched on in the film *Chinatown*—has entered a new phase. The city proposes to double the amount of water it draws from the valley; operating under an interim order, it has already increased its pumping, and the Owens residents are once again up in arms. Pumping at current rates will, they say, turn the valley into a wasteland. As the water table drops, significant amounts of ground cover are destroyed. Then the dust starts to blow, wildlife dependent on the vegetation vanishes, and the flow of tourists declines. Already alkali flats are spreading over the valley floor. "The valley is dying," a warden for the Department of Fish and Game recently told Robert A.



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Jones of the *Los Angeles Times* (August 30). "As you take more vegetation away," another expert told Jones, "you get tremendous increases in the amount of dust. . . . The right to take water from the valley does not give them [the city authorities] the right to pollute the air also. What they are doing here is environmental homicide."

To all this the city's reply is the same that it has always been: "It comes down to a question of benefiting 3 million people in Los Angeles or 15,000 in Owens Valley." This was the justification cited by President Theodore Roosevelt when he decided to acquiesce in the city's original plans. The concerns of Owens Valley, he said, were "genuine" but "this interest must unfortunately be disregarded in view of the infinitely greater interest to be served by putting the water in Los Angeles"—where, of course, there were, and are, more voters.

Today the valley residents, who have reason to be slightly paranoid, fear the city intends to drive them out, lock, stock and barrel. "For decades they've taken the water out," one valley resident told Jones, "and it's been good water and cheap. And what have they put back? Near to nothing. They want nothing here that will cause people to stay and build their lives. They want this land as empty as possible."

This latest development in the Owens Valley-Los Angeles water feud provides a splendid opportunity to examine the limitations of "the greatest good for the greatest number" doctrine. How is "good" to be measured? "Good" for whom and for what? How much water is wantonly wasted in metropolitan Los Angeles? How are social costs and environmental hazards to be evaluated in the overall calculus? Does the preponderant power of Los Angeles entitle it to take whatever amount of water it thinks it needs and to use this water as it sees fit, simply because it is a large city and growing larger? Are we prepared to sanction a kind of domestic water imperialism that permits a huge city to grab additional water resources —80 per cent of Los Angeles water comes from outside the Owens area—so that it may continue to expand indefinitely, even at the expense of other communities? Does this kind of expansion in a semi-arid environment really represent "the greatest good"? Owens Valley residents should have their say on this issue; it is time, also, that "the greatest good" doctrine should be subjected to a thorough public airing. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

## The Textile Carpetbaggers

The agenda for basic fairness in American industrial life is long, and lengthening. Almost every week's news brings another story of disastrous effects on workers' health of the conditions in the factories where they earn their livings. One chemical after another joins the list of those already known to be polluting the environment for everybody—but, naturally, affecting most drastically the men and women who actually work with them. And the government, at all levels, always seems to lag in its knowledge of the conditions that kill and cripple the workers and to be even farther behind in any steps to make factory work even half safe. The cornucopia goes on spewing out its "goods" along with the poisons which industry carelessly uses to achieve that productivity.

The sad truth is that American labor, which is to say the unionized fraction of it—no more than 25 per cent—seems as helpless as ever to do anything about the conditions in which its members work. Organized labor in this country is frozen in the posture in which it was left by the advances of the New Deal days—in other words, it is two generations behind the times.

These observations are prompted not by the revelation of any new chemical horror afflicting conditions of work in a given industry but by a remarkable article in this issue on the most basic right of labor—the right to organize and thus determine the conditions in which workers will deliver their labor. As Ed McConville shows in his article on the J.P. Stevens Co. and the workers at the Roanoke Rapids plant of that giant textile combine, the rights of organized labor can still be totally frustrated, and with impunity, by a corporation determined to nullify the bargaining agent its workers have voted to join.

It will come as no surprise to our readers that the South (even the New South of Governor Carter) has long been a haven for runaway, anti-union plants. This is particularly so of the textile industry, which fled south, starting many years ago, knowing that social conditions there favored the exclusion of unions, with their troublesome demands for fair pay and decent working conditions. The whole society of the Old South was so organized that the mobilization of the workers for their collective good was almost impossible to achieve.

The Northern manufacturers exploited these community pressures for their own benefit in a way that was directly contrary to the workers' interests. One result of this successful policy was that the Deep South's politics became the most reactionary in the country. The extraordinary thing was that this form of politics was made possible only by the continuing hostility between blacks and whites, which the manufacturers and their political servitors did all that they could to encourage. As long as black and white workers were kept by social pressures from organizing together to achieve common aims, this malignant policy worked. It was, sad to say, the basis of the new prosperity of the New South—a structure built on prejudice of the meanest sort. It was also the basis of the recent political successes of the most benighted wing of the Republican Party.

There are hopeful glimpses in McConville's article. Perhaps the principal one is that whites and blacks have begun seriously working together to achieve common aims. They have at last realized that they are not each other's common enemy. Meeting together in union halls, on picket lines—and, as McConville records, on fishing trips—they have come to see that they have every reason to unite against their real opponents, the giant corporations.

If there is hope in this account for a solidarity that crosses the barrier of race, there is little reason to be optimistic about the protection the law affords to these bullied and underpaid workers. As McConville illustrates, the workers in Roanoke Rapids have gained nothing tangible from the forced recognition twenty-five months ago of the union they formed against all obstacles. The J.P. Stevens Co., the employer of thousands of mill hands,


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resolutely refuses to bargain in good faith on a contract. There is no sign that it ever will, as it takes advantage of the National Labor Relations Act in every way that this old law's loopholes permit. Repeatedly, the NLRA's provisions have been found to have been flouted by the company, but it can laugh at the puny penalties the law provides. And it takes months or years of expensive bureaucratic procedures before J.P. Stevens can even be found guilty—and then not punished.

A long struggle lies ahead, and the outlines of it are sketched in the story of Roanoke Rapids vs. J.P. Stevens Co. It will require great efforts, millions of dollars and the cooperation of the rest of American labor. Only some 10 per cent of the South's textile workers (who number nearly 600,000 hands) are in any sense organized into unions. It will take a President determined to help that effort and a Congress rid of reactionary Democratic committee chairmen to pass more effective labor laws.

The organization of the industrial workers of the South into labor unions should be an important national priority. Then these hundreds of thousands of workers, and their fellows elsewhere in the country, can bring their influence to bear, for the benefit of all of us, on the conditions under which the work of this nation is done.

TWO YEARS AFTER UNION 'VICTORY'

# THE SOUTHERN TEXTILE WAR

**ED McCONVILLE**

*Durham, N.C.*

As our newspapers have portentously informed us, 1976 is a big year for labor negotiations. Yet the year's most important negotiations were already more than a year old when the Bicentennial began, and in all likelihood they will still be dragging on when the last official Bicentennial T-shirt has been taken down from store shelves.

Major contracts covering millions of workers will expire this year, but the most significant talks will directly affect only 3,600 workers in seven plants. The union representing these workers, though it faces the country's most intransigent employer, has decided its members will not strike this year, come hell or high water.

"Pattern-setting agreements" have been or will be reached in basic industries like autos, trucking, rubber, meatpacking and electrical products. Economists will argue that these settlements are primarily to blame for our continuing inflation, but the contract struggle with the most lasting effect does not really concern money. It concerns a union's right to exist. And, more important, an American worker's right to join a union.

The town involved is Roanoke Rapids, N.C. The company which owns the seven plants is J. P. Stevens and Co., the world's second-largest textile manufacturer—and the most determinedly anti-union of all major companies in the United States. The union is the newly merged Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union (ACTWU), with a combined membership of 500,000.

It is commonly supposed that the American labor movement has everywhere become just another stodgy sector of the Establishment. Wilfrid Sheed gave expression to this conventional wisdom in 1973 when he wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* that "in 1935, after much bloody skirmishing with management, the Wagner Act was passed, defining the right to organize, strike, and close a shop, all the prerogatives that now seem prehistoric."

*Ed McConville is a free-lance writer based in Durham, N.C.*

In sober fact, unions hold none of these prehistoric prerogatives in the South. Strikes there are virtually futile, since judges routinely hand down anti-picketing injunctions and local and state police escort strikebreakers safely into and out of struck plants. Under "right to work" laws authorized by the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947, the closed shop is illegal in all but one Southern state. As for the Wagner Act's forty-year-old guarantee of workers' "right to organize"—"It ain't worth the paper it's printed on south of the Mason-Dixon," snapped an old union organizer recently. He was perhaps trying a little too hard to be vivid, but he is essentially right.

The Southern textile industry is America's last major unorganized manufacturing industry, with fewer than 10 per cent of the region's 589,000 textile workers belonging to a union. Today, sixty years after they began moving down from New England to take advantage of cheap labor, Southern mills employ nearly three-quarters of the nation's textile work force. Textiles is far and away the Southeast's leading industrial employer; mill hands are the bedrock of the South's economy, religion and politics.

They are also the lowest-paid industrial workers in the South and the nation, with an average hourly wage of $3.46 in November 1975. This compares with $6.43 in the automobile industry and $6.73 in the basic steel industry. Organized labor's failure to make inroads in the South is often ascribed to the inherent conservatism of the region's working people, but closer examination uncovers a history of suppressed militance. A wave of textile strikes, some Communist-led, swept through North Carolina and Tennessee in 1929. Cotton mill workers from every Southern state formed the overwhelming majority of the 376,000 workers who participated in the nationwide textile strike of 1934. The Textile Workers Organizing Committee's campaigns were considered among the best planned and executed of the CIO organizing drives of the 1930s.

Each of these attempts failed, not because Southern mill workers made a clear, uncoerced choice against unionism but because Southern employers were able to bring a panoply of pressures to bear upon them in the small, isolated towns where most mills are located. They



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denied their employees any allies by mobilizing the rest of their communities against them; local police, press and preachers made common cause with the Ku Klux Klan and other practitioners of mob violence.

In 1963 the labor movement decided to renew its efforts to organize Southern textiles. Acknowledging that the small, weak Textile Workers Union of America (TWUA) could not take the industry on by itself, the AFL-CIO's Industrial Union Department (IUD) contributed money and manpower to a drive to organize J. P. Stevens. With annual sales of more than $1 billion, Stevens today employs 44,000 people in some eighty plants.

The company employed a policy of economic terrorism to defeat the TWUA-IUD organizers in every union representation election held during the 1960s and early 1970s. "Hell," said one organizer, "why go to the trouble of beating someone up when you can fire him? It's not as risky and it lasts longer."

The National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) has found Stevens guilty of illegally firing 289 employees for union activity. Many times that number were afraid to be seen talking to organizers or even to accept the leaflets they offered at plant gates. Union meetings consisted of small, secret gatherings in workers' homes; public meetings attracted embarrassingly sparse attendance. Stevens paid the union $50,000 in damages for wiretapping an organizer's motel room in 1973.

Firing tactics are the chief component of a systematic strategy of pre-election harassment and intimidation known to organizers as "a Blakeney campaign." Whiteford S. Blakeney is a Charlotte, N.C. attorney who specializes in advising Southern companies, including Stevens, how they can best avoid unionization. "I can tell whether Blakeney represents a plant the first week I go in there to organize," says TWUA organizer Clyde Bush. "If people start getting fired right off, I know who I'm up against."

The National Labor Relations Act allows the NLRB to impose only two innocuous penalties for such firings: it can order the company involved to rehire the employees and to reimburse them for the wages they would have earned had they not been fired. These sanctions are even lighter than they appear. If a discharged worker finds other employment before he is rehired—as he must do if he and his family are to survive during the two and a half years it normally takes to settle firing cases—his earnings during this interim period are subtracted from the amount the company must pay him. These back-pay awards are also tax-deductible as a legitimate business expense. In addition, the total costs of these awards ($1.3 million in Stevens's case) are relatively small when compared to the much higher costs of a union contract. (Board statistics indicate that an increasing number of employers are coming to this realization. NLRB regional offices awarded $11.3 million in back pay in fiscal 1975 to 7,405 workers "discharged for union activity." These figures have been rising steadily for several years.)

For all the softness and slowness of the penalties allowed it by federal labor law, the NLRB over the years has managed to weave a legal web around J.P. Stevens which has partially limited the company's freedom of illegal movement. The board has found Stevens guilty of unfair labor practices in fifteen separate cases since the company was targeted by the IUD in 1963.

Technically, the NLRB has no enforcement powers of its own. "An order of the board does not have the force of law," wrote Charles Fahy, the board's first chief executive officer, "until it becomes the order of a circuit court of appeals." Board lawyers, although resigned to the fact that the wheels of justice grind exceedingly slow, have doggedly sought appeals court citations against Stevens. The company was held in contempt in 1972 for refusing to comply with a U.S. circuit court's decree prohibiting further unfair labor practices; three additional contempt proceedings are pending before the courts.

Federal appeals courts can order stiffer penalties for companies held in contempt, including heavy fines and what lawyers euphemistically refer to as "bodily attachment" of company officers. ("That means they throw your fanny in jail," explains Harold McIver, the veteran organizer who directs the IUD's campaign against Stevens.)

When the contempt charges began to accumulate, J.P. Stevens stopped firing. And, after more than a decade of defeat, the union won its first election over the company in August 1974, in Roanoke Rapids, a drab mill town of 15,000.

Unions had been to Roanoke Rapids before, only to be destroyed on different occasions during the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s. In 1965 the TWUA-IUD forces tried their hand there and lost a tense election. "We couldn't get open participation in that campaign because twenty-three workers were fired," recalls Scott Hoyman, now TWUA's Southern regional director. "But, as a result of all the contempt proceedings, they've stopped firing right before the election like they usually do, and people are not afraid to come out for the union anymore. We had workers handing out leaflets at the gates for the first time in Roanoke Rapids in 1974."

The victory pumped much needed adrenalin into the hard-pressed Southern labor movement. North Carolina AFL-CIO President Wilbur Hobby proclaimed "a new day in Dixie—first, J.P. Stevens, then the textile industry, and then the whole South."

It is hard to overestimate the significance of Roanoke Rapids—though, as will be described in a moment, a battle was won but the fighting continues. Unionization, with its potential for a moderate redistribution of the South's new affluence, represents nothing less than the economic consolidation and extension of the limited legal and political gains won by the civil rights movement in the 1960s. By alleviating the poverty of both blacks and poor whites, unions can allay the economic enmity which lies at the roots of so much of the South's racial tension. The labor movement's self-interest lies in aggressively promoting integration in the region. Organizers must appeal to all racial and religious groups in a work place if they are to gather the all-important "50 per cent plus one" of the votes cast in a representation election. And no union can hope to win a strike or get a good contract unless virtually all employees support its walkout.

Roanoke Rapids is a beachhead, not only of unionism


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but also of racial cooperation among Southern working-class people. Organizers concede they had never before been able to keep the races together as they did in the seven plants there.

"I had never been with blacks socially," says Danny Blackwell, who dyes towels in one of Stevens's Roanoke Rapids mills. "Then George [former organizer George Strawn] started taking us fishing together. He'd take a couple of whites and a couple of blacks on weekends and we really got along good. That's where I first got my feeling about blacks and whites being together in the union. They've all got pretty much the same problems and a lot of the same ideas about what to do about them. It's just a question of getting them together so they can find that out."

The unionization of the textile industry also has profound political implications. "I'd lose my job if I voted for most of the bills you want me to support," one Southern Senator told Harold McIver after his Roanoke Rapids triumph. "But if you ever get this industry organized, come back to see me and we'll talk business." By moving Southern industrial workers in a generally more progressive direction, unions could well break up the coalition of conservative Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans that has defeated reform legislation in the Senate for so many years.

Roanoke Rapids is indistinguishable from other mill towns across the South. Mill workers there are shut off from the rest of the community by the long six-day work week that is standard in the Southern textile industry. They are also isolated by a sense of shame: invidious distinctions between "cotton mill trash" and the rest of the town persist, even in the minds of the mill hands themselves. A recent study showed that 16.5 per cent of the county's citizens have drinking problems, compared with 5 per cent nationally. The county's mental health director has called alcoholism Roanoke Rapids' worst medical and social problem.

He might also have mentioned byssinosis, or "brown lung" disease, a debilitating respiratory ailment caused by breathing in cotton dust. An estimated 100,000 American textile workers suffer from this occupational illness. The textile industry, which for years denied the disease's existence, today takes the position that it cannot afford to lower the dust to the levels recommended by the government's National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH). Noise levels in the mills are also dangerously high. Constant exposure to the clatter of the looms produces many cases of deafness and "nerve tear-up," a malady whose victims resemble the shell-shocked veterans who returned home from World War II and the Korean War.

The mill workers' extra day of scheduled overtime has not solved their money problems. A familiar sight after the shifts change in Roanoke Rapids, as in other mill towns, is the long line outside the small finance company office across the street from the mill. Young people in the line carefully pick clumps of cotton from their hair and clothing, to avoid the contempt accorded to "lint heads." Older workers, seemingly resigned to their status, often leave the cotton clinging to themselves.

"We've been trapped in the mills every generation because we can't earn enough to send our kids to college," says Danny Blackwell. "I don't worry about myself anymore," continued this resigned 20-year-old. "I want the union so my daughter can make it out."

TV cameras and reporters from most major newspapers have descended on Roanoke Rapids since the union's victory there. Gloria Steinem came down from New York to shoot a television special on the life of a woman working in the mills there.

But much of the promise and hope of Roanoke Rapids has drained away in the two years since the workers voted the union in. The company and the union have been unable to arrive at a first contract after twenty-five months of fruitless negotiations.

It is generally assumed that, once the NLRB has directed an employer to recognize and bargain with a union as the result of a representation election, management will accept the union as a fact of life and negotiate a contract with it. But J.P. Stevens, refusing to admit defeat, has resorted to a practice known in Southern labor relations circles as "bargaining a union to death." Lawyers refer to it by its proper legal name, "bargaining in bad faith."

Southern companies (several of them represented by Whiteford Blakeney) have dragged out negotiations for years, while the unions, in the words of one textile executive, "withered on the vine." Workers at some plants became so impatient that they voted to decertify the union as their bargaining agent. Even when this does not happen, a local union's lack of a contract leaves it weak and, in effect, unrecognized by the employer.

Stevens's ability to deny its Roanoke Rapids employees a contract has effectively stalled the union's drive to organize the rest of the textile chain. "They have a union there," Stevens supervisors counsel their other employees, "and wages, benefits, and working conditions are no better today than they were before the union came in." On the other hand, says IUD's McIver, "If we get a contract there with one benefit over what they offer at their other plants, they're sort of automatically organized." So, to say that everything's riding on what happens at the bargaining table in Roanoke Rapids is merely to repeat what has become a truism among Southern union men in the last year.

Exactly what has been going on at the table? There has been little serious discussion of economic items, which the union considers "of secondary importance." While they propose to increase workers' wages and fringe benefits in the long run, TWUA officials are more concerned in these first negotiations with basic contract provisions like dues checkoff and arbitration of grievances. "You can't really talk seriously about money issues," says Hoyman "until you've established the union's ability to exist."

J.P. Stevens will not agree to checkoff and arbitration clauses, despite the fact that both are included in some 95 per cent of the nation's industrial union contracts. The company's refusal to grant these items is an integral part of a detailed bargaining formula conceived by Blakeney, says Hoyman, who has dealt with it over the years in negotiations with other Southern textile companies; the


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"Blakeney formula" calls for company negotiators to make and stick to proposals they know the union "can't live with."

Checkoff of union dues from workers' paychecks appears to the general public as nothing more than an accounting convenience provided to unions by employers. Actually, it is a vital arrangement which determines a union's very existence. TWUA and other unions have tried to operate locals without checkoff, only to discover what the IRS could have told them all along: unless you withhold what you've got coming to you from someone's paycheck, you'll rarely ever see it. And without membership dues to pay its operating expenses, no union can long survive.

Stevens maintains that it cannot afford to make additional deductions from workers' paychecks, because lower take-home pay will encourage their employees to demand higher wages. The union points out that the company already makes a number of payroll deductions: deductions for the cost of safety equipment and tools, for U.S. Savings Bonds, for contributions to the charity of an employee's choice.

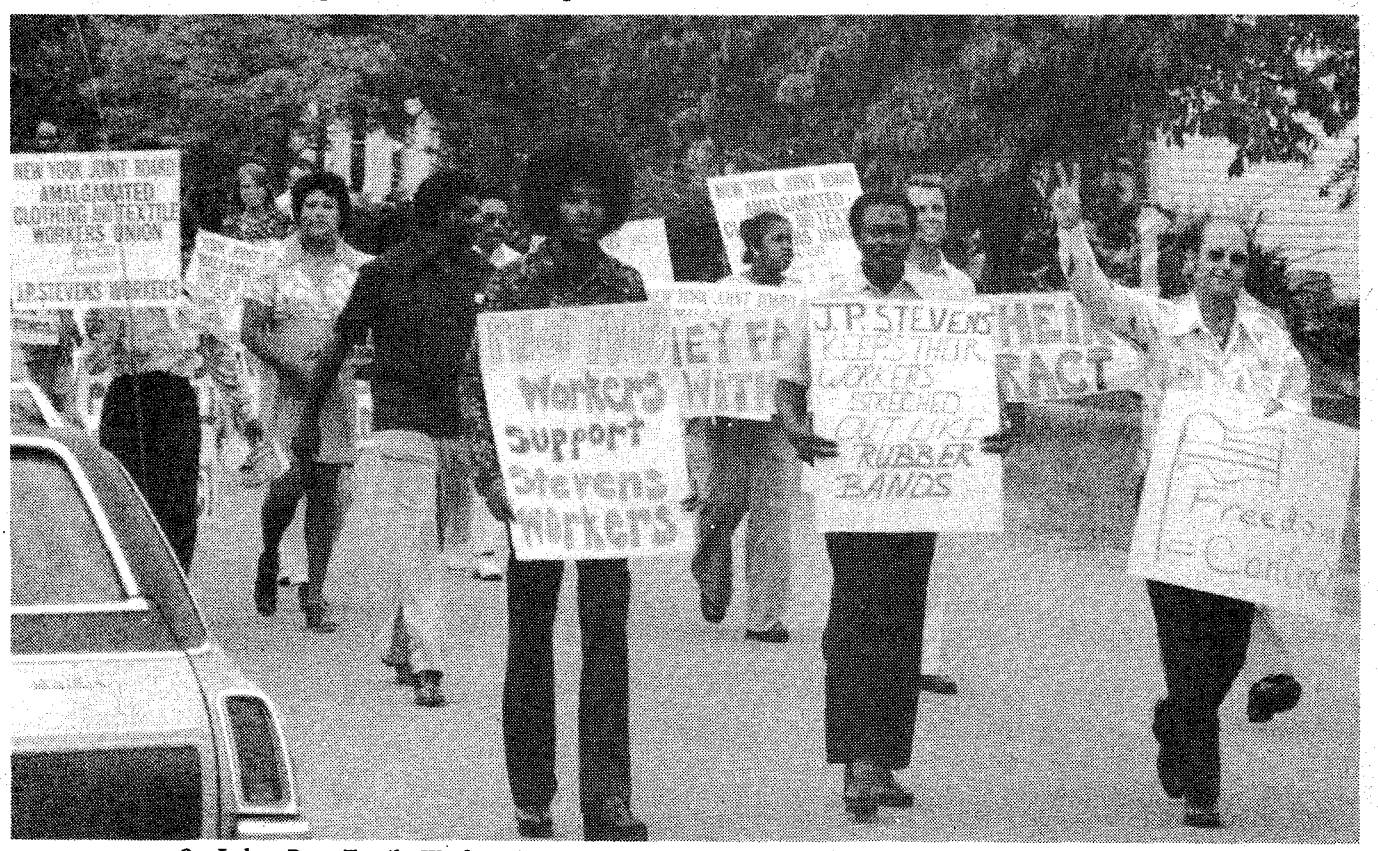
Another earmark of Blakeney's bargaining formula is to be seen in Stevens's refusal to agree to arbitration of unsettled grievances by an impartial third party. Instead, Stevens's negotiators would grant the union the right to strike to resolve all unsettled grievances, no matter how minor, as they occur during the term of a contract.

"As a practical matter," says Hoyman, "a union can't continually be on strike. We can't ask a plant full of people to sacrifice their wages for weeks at a time because one worker has a disagreement with his supervisor over one hour's pay." In effect, the union's inability to strike over all unsettled complaints would allow the company to settle these disputes exactly as it pleased.

Stevens's grievance proposal is exactly the opposite of what most companies insist on: binding arbitration as the final settlement of all unresolved disputes, coupled with a no-strike clause during the life of the contract. But then, most companies are seriously trying to negotiate a workable contract with their unions. Blakeney's Charlotte law firm "will not represent a client who is willing to enter into a normal collective bargaining relationship," says Hoyman. "They're exclusively devoted to union-busting. When a company refuses both dues checkoff and binding arbitration, then the conclusion is inescapable that the company is not trying to reach an agreement. It is trying to destroy the union."

The union also charges that the company has made unilateral changes in wages, hours and working conditions and that it has failed to provide union negotiators with information they need to bargain intelligently. NLRB officials often regard both actions as *prima facie* evidence of bad faith bargaining.

How does J.P. Stevens's management respond to charges that it is bargaining in bad faith? In keeping with its standard public relations policy, the company will not "comment on matters pending before the courts or governmental administrative agencies." (Which doesn't leave them a lot to comment on, as ninety-four cases involving the company's labor relations practices are pending before the NLRB.) However, Stevens's board chairman




*On Labor Day, Textile Workers from the South, East and Midwest Rallied and Paraded Through the Streets of Roanoke Rapids. At the End of the March They Nailed a Bill of Complaints to the Door of the Personnel Office of the J.P. Stevens Company.*



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James D. Finley did give an explanation of the stalemate at his company's most recent stockholders meeting. "The union does not want a contract," he said, "unless it means everything they want. That is not bargaining in my opinion." He did not specify what "everything they want" consists of.

"The amazing thing to me," says Hoyman after twenty-five months of frustration, "is the amount of patience and determination the workers have shown under the circumstances."

"We've waited so many years to get a union," says Maurine Hedgepeth, who was fired by Stevens for union activity in 1965, "that we can wait a while longer to get a contract. Besides," says Ms. Hedgepeth, who was ordered reinstated to her weaver's job four full years after she was fired, "even without a contract, we have it better in there today than we've ever had it before. At least now we have a say-so about our jobs, and the bossman knows the union'll have something to say about it if he jumps all over our backs."

Ordinarily, of course, a union would have struck months ago to resolve such an impasse. But a strike against only one location in a giant chain like J.P. Stevens could be disastrous. The company could easily transfer the struck work to one or more of its eighty-odd unorganized plants. Stevens's negotiators have taunted the union's bargaining committee over their inability to enforce their demands with a strike. "They sit there smirking and say, 'Exercise your bargaining power,'" says one committee member.

Deprived of its strongest traditional economic weapon, the union plans to launch a massive nationwide boycott of J.P. Stevens's products. TWUA's hand was considerably strengthened when it merged with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union in June, thereby gaining the benefit of that union's experience in its successful boycott of Farah slacks. The AFL-CIO is expected to provide much-needed financial and logistical support to the boycott.

However, it will be difficult to mount an effective boycott against the company, as few of its products bear the Stevens label by the time they reach the consumer. It's simple to remember not to buy Gallo or any wine "made in Modesto," but to memorize the long list of products fashioned from Stevens cloth by different companies requires a much higher level of conscious commitment. Fortunately, the remaining 30 per cent of Stevens's sales comes from home furnishings (sheets, pillow cases, towels) directly marketed under the company's label.

As cynics like to point out, the poor white Southerners who stand to benefit from a Stevens boycott do not have the same chic value as the Chicanos of the Gallo and Farah boycotts. But almost one-third of the mill workers in Roanoke Rapids are black, and the attitude of many middle-class progressives toward white working people have grown more favorable in recent years.

The union has also sought the protections of the National Labor Relations Act against Stevens's delaying tactics. But, once again, federal labor law has proved entirely inadequate to the task. The Act's ponderous enforcement procedures play into the hands of employers determined to stall negotiations and alienate workers from their unions. It takes between four and four and a half years from the time bad faith bargaining charges are filed to obtain the contempt citation needed to enforce board orders.

TWUA's experience with Stevens is instructive in this context. Although the union lost an election at the company's Statesboro, Ga., plant in 1968, the board found such extensive unfair labor practices during the campaign that it overturned the election and ordered Stevens to bargain with TWUA. The company would not come to the bargaining table, and in 1971 the fifth circuit court of appeals issued a decree ordering it to bargain. In 1973 the NLRB asked the circuit court for a contempt citation, charging that the company was engaging in "surface bargaining," with no real attempt to arrive at an agreement. The court appointed a labor relations expert to investigate the charges. In June 1975 he advised the court that Stevens was clearly guilty of bad faith bargaining. But the court has yet to act on his recommendations, seven years after the company was originally ordered to bargain with the union. In the meantime, J.P. Stevens has closed the Statesboro plant down, an act Hoyman terms "the ultimate refusal to bargain." The union's charges of bad faith bargaining in Roanoke Rapids seem stuck on the same slow track. Filed in July 1975, they have barely begun their prolonged journey through the NLRB's cumbersome legal and administrative channels.

According to Daniel Pollitt, a prominent North Carolina labor lawyer, the penalty provided in the Act for refusal to bargain "would be nothing but laughable, if its consequences weren't so tragic." It consists of nothing more than a board order that an employer go back to the table and do what he has already refused to do: bargain in good faith. He can repeat the whole charade. The realistic sanction in refusal to bargain cases lies not in the board's order or its ultimate enforcement by the courts but in the economic strength of individual unions. A strong union gets bargaining from its employer; a weak one often does not.

The House Subcommittee on Labor-Management Relations has proposed several amendments to the National Labor Relations Act that would go far to replace the survival of the fittest with simple justice. One would force a firm found guilty of bad faith bargaining to agree to a "bare bones contract" incorporating the minimum standards prevailing in the organized portion of its industry in that part of the country. Such a mandated contract would include dues checkoff, arbitration, and small retroactive increases in wages and fringe benefits. As now written, the law cannot make either party to negotiations agree to any specific contract provision, no matter how basic.

Another proposed amendment would bar companies that engage in a pattern of "willful and flagrant" unfair labor practices from receiving government contracts for three years. (Stevens received contracts of more than $16 million from the Defense Department alone during fiscal 1975.) Procedural amendments would speed up the NLRB's handling of unfair labor practice cases.

None of these reform proposals is new; most origi-



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nated in 1959 when then Sen. John F. Kennedy appointed a panel of experts to advise him on needed changes in federal labor law. For the last fifteen years, Congress has found itself too preoccupied with more trendy problems to consider unfashionable legislation protecting workers' right to organize.

But Southern labor relations remain mired in the world of the 1930s—at least partially because they are governed by a law written in the 1930s. "Company lawyers have developed all sorts of stratagems in the last forty years for getting around the Wagner Act," says Frank McCulloch, a former NLRB chairman. "The world has changed, and it's time the Act changed with it."

There are those who would scrap the Act entirely rather than amend it. It is unquestionably true that its lengthy legalistic proceedings rob workers of their self-determination. Rather than actively participating in organizing campaigns and contract negotiations, they are reduced to waiting passively for lawyers and bureaucrats to determine their fate.

"The hell with the law," said one frustrated Roanoke Rapids worker. "Let's get out there at the plant gates with baseball bats, and we'll decide whether we get a contract or not." Such bravado would be suicidal, given the tendency of Southern governments to invoke their police powers against unions.

Most Southern labor leaders take the position that, while the Act affords them scant protection, it is better than no protection at all. As an Amalgamated Clothing Workers official told a skeptical Cesar Chavez after the victorious Farah campaign, "It's a lousy law, but without it we would have been dead." □

DEFENDING THE INDEFENSIBLE

# BRITAIN STOOPS TO TORTURE

**ANDREW BOYD**

*Belfast*

The British really had no chance once the government of the Republic of Ireland reported them to the European Commission for several violations of the European Convention on Human Rights. The commission, which heard the first submissions in this case toward the end of 1971, issued its unanimous findings on September 1; it found Britain guilty of administering torture and inhuman and degrading treatment to prisoners seized and interned by the British Army and the Royal Ulster Constabulary in August 1971.

Britain's pathetic defense, as outlined in the commission's report, was that, while the methods used to extract information from the prisoners constituted a breach of the common law in the United Kingdom, they were not, as the Republic of Ireland alleged, a breach of Article 3 of the European Convention.

The main charges against the British were that internment without trial in August 1971 was unjustified and a violation of human rights, that the internment was discriminatory in that it was directed solely against Northern Ireland's minority population, and that the British Army and the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) used at least five inhuman, cruel and degrading techniques to break down the reserve of a selected group of fourteen men, to confuse them psychologically and to put them in a state where they would readily answer the questions of their interrogators.

The five techniques were, first, a form of sensory deprivation which consisted of keeping the prisoners' heads covered in thick black hoods for long periods. The prisoners thus lost all sense of time; they did not know whether it was day or night. They were interrogated with the hoods still on their heads. Second and third, the prisoners were deprived of sleep for long periods, and were denied food and drink except for one slice of dry bread and a cup of water at intervals of about six hours. The fourth torture was to make the prisoners lean on their fingertips against a wall, at an angle that put the entire weight of the body upon the fingers and impeded the circulation of the blood. Some of the prisoners were kept in this position for as long as forty hours, with breaks only to allow their blood to circulate again. If they collapsed or refused to lean on their fingertips the torturers kicked them and dragged them back to the wall.

The fifth and perhaps worst of all these techniques was the subjection of the prisoners—while they were hooded, kept without sleep, food and water and forced to lean on their fingertips—to a continuous shrill sound, called "white noise." This noise was produced at a level of decibels that drove the prisoners temporarily insane. The British have refused to say what the level was, but there can be little doubt that it was carefully calculated by the military psychologists and the military interrogators some considerable time before the internment swoop in August 1971.

It is known that, since the early 1960s at least, the English intelligence center at Kent in England has been experimenting with these and other forms of sophisticated torture. Something very like the torture techniques used in Northern Ireland were in use in Aden and in other parts of the former British colonial empire during 1964 and 1965. Roderic Bowen, Q.C., who inquired into allegations of torture in Aden in 1964 stated that, while the official regulations prohibited "cruel treatment, torture or outrages upon personal dignity," there had been "a regrettable failure"—Bowen did not say by whom—to

*Andrew Boyd, a frequent contributor, is the author of* Holy War in Belfast (*Grove Press*).



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deal with accusations of cruelty to prisoners in Aden. Bowen was not prepared to reveal the exact forms of the tortures complained of nor to recommend that they be stopped. George Brown, then Foreign Secretary in a Labour administration, received Bowen's report but he also said nothing about stopping the tortures. In fact Brown had himself appointed Bowen to make the inquiries in order to reassure himself that "the necessary special procedures in Aden were being carried out to the best advantage and that those responsible for them would be protected from uninformed criticism."

Thus George Brown approved of the Aden tortures. Six years later, improved forms of these tortures were used in Northern Ireland and taught to the Royal Ulster Constabulary. In April 1971 officers and men of the English intelligence unit held a "seminar" in Northern Ireland to explain—not in writing but orally—to the RUC how the torture techniques were to be used. And later Maudling was to state that "the principles applied in the interrogation of suspects in Northern Ireland and the methods employed are the same as those which have been used in other struggles against armed terrorists in which Britain has been involved in recent years."

The European Commission's decision that the use of these techniques "constituted a practice of inhuman treatment and torture in breach of Article 3 of the European Convention on Human Rights" has created confusion, anger and what appears to be distress among the British and Ulster politicians. It has also shown that there was a Labour-Tory bipartisan cover-up of the tortures. When the facts about the Ulster tortures were first published, Harold Wilson, who was then Leader of the Opposition at Westminster, sought an urgent meeting with Prime Minister Heath, but what they decided was not made public. Merlyn Rees, until recently Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, issued an ill-tempered rebuke to the Dublin government when the findings of the European Commission were published. He accused Dublin of raking over the events of the past and deplored the decision of Declan Costello, Ireland's Attorney General, to continue the case by placing it, in accordance with the procedures, before the European Court of Human Rights. So the case is not finished yet. It will be discussed before the entire world, with full details of how the British have been torturing their political prisoners. That will occur because the government of the Irish Republic refuses to make what the European Commission calls "a friendly settlement" with the British.

Dublin is far from satisfied with the commission's decision that Britain was not guilty of discrimination against Northern Ireland's Catholic minority when it was decided to intern terrorists in August 1971. Evidence published in the report of the commission shows that, before internment and more especially since 1972, the level of Loyalist violence was enough to justify action being taken to deal with Protestant terrorists. The excuses which the British have made for not interning Loyalists were that when internment began the Loyalist terrorists were not active, and that in any case the level of IRA violence was always much greater than Loyalist violence. Yet elsewhere

# To Melt a Heart of Stone

**HILARY BOYLE**

*Dublin*

Never have we needed charity, in the old sense of the word—love without eroticism—as we need it in Ireland now. The seed has been sown by two Belfast women—Maired Corrigan and Betty Williams, from the Catholic ghetto in Belfast. Maired's two little nephews and niece were killed when a soldier fired at an IRA man escaping in a car. He was hit, and the car went out of control, killing the three children. All people of heart from both sides of the divide were shocked into an awareness of what man is doing to man in this tiny Atlantic island of ours. So the organization, People for Peace, was formed and marches were convened. To these came women, ordinary women, Catholic and Protestant alike, women determined to live in charity and friendship with one another. No less than 50,000 of such women marched in Dublin on August 28, and among them was a good sprinkling of men. We all gathered on three sides of Merrion Square. We recited the Lord's Prayer, sang the 23rd Psalm, and made our declaration for peace.

On September 4, the peace gathering was on Craigaven Bridge in Derry. It was there that the worst of the troubles began upon that never to be forgotten October 5, 1969. Under the auspices of the Glencree Reconciliation Center, a busload of us went up from Dublin, and I, who had not been to Derry in more than eight years, went in some fear. I had been shot at, stoned and abused up there by those who held different political opinions and had different aspirations from those I hold. How different it was this time! I could not march, but waited at the entrance to the bridge until the public contingent arrived, and then, with arms to help me, I walked to the center of the bridge. It was enough to melt a heart of stone as women of the Shankill district (one of the most bigoted areas in all the North) and from the Waterside lay away their hatreds, as did the women of the Bogside and the Creggan (both strong IRA centers) and tearfully embraced one another. All were conscious that they needed forgiveness from the others, and all knew they must henceforth work together to bring peace to our beloved and beautiful land. It is not a land of saints and scholars but a land that is a fitting setting for them.

I had been to Derry so often in fear and hatred that to go in peace and love made me weep unashamedly. Dear American sisters, join us and disregard those who say that one must defend oneself and protect one's country by arms. Perhaps we might even see blacks and whites walking hand in hand together in South Africa if we women are strong enough and brave enough not to lose our enthusiasm for what we have begun. Please send no more munitions to Ireland and no more money to buy arms. Let my appeal not be in vain.

*Hilary Boyle, 76, makes her living as a free-lance journalist, her articles and irate letters being printed in newspapers all over southern Ireland. She was knocked down by a car two years ago, and now walks with great difficulty.*



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in the report it is implied that the violence of the Loyalists was disregarded because it was directed almost solely against the civilian Catholic population, whereas the violence of the IRA was against the state. Finally the British admitted to the commission that they did not intern Loyalist terrorists because they were afraid of a Loyalist uprising.

The reaction of the leading Ulster politicians to the report of the commission was also confused and contradictory. Brian Faulkner, who was Prime Minister of Northern Ireland in 1971 and who personally urged the British to start interning Republicans, said that, while he did not know the details of the torture techniques, he was satisfied that "accepted British standards" of interrogation had been observed. He said further that he had approved of the torture, since, according to him, the tortured men had given information sufficient to enable the army and the police to seize much of the IRA's armory. Yet there was at least one victim of the torture, Pat Shivers of Toome in County Antrim, who had no information to give since he was not a member of the IRA. He had been involved mainly in the legal and nonviolent Northern Ireland civil rights movement. Pat Shivers suffered so badly during the wall-standing, the hooding, the white noise and the denial of food, sleep and water, that he imagined he had died and had joined his long-dead son in Paradise.

Roy Hattersley, who in 1969-70 had been a junior minister with responsibility for Northern Ireland, stated in the House of Commons on November 17, 1971 that Faulkner was personally and directly accountable for torturing the prisoners. Lord Gardiner, a former Lord Chancellor of England, and a member of the three-man Parker Commission that inquired into the torture allegations, stated that Faulkner approved of the torture procedures. Yet John Taylor, who was deputy to Faulkner in the Northern Ireland Ministry of Home Affairs, responded to the findings of the European Commission by alleging that the Northern Ireland Government did not know of the tortures and that Lord Carrington, who was Tory Minister of Defense in 1971, was the person directly responsible for ordering that the men be tortured.

But how much of what Taylor, Faulkner, Hattersley or any of the other politicians have said is consistent with the facts? For example, the Northern Ireland Security Council which included Taylor, Faulkner, the British Army chiefs and the chief constable of the RUC, must have known why the briefing seminar on torture techniques was held three months before the internment swoop. And it is perhaps of some interest that Faulkner, though summoned by the European Commission, either refused to give evidence or was prevented from doing so by the British.

When the first news about the torturing of the prisoners appeared in the Irish newspapers and, a few days later, in the British press, Edward Heath asked Sir Edmund Compton, Britain's Commissioner for Complaints, to make an investigation into the allegations. The outcome of Compton's investigations were two infamous reports in which, playing about with the meaning of words, he concluded that while the prisoners may have been physically ill-treated they were not tortured since, in Compton's view, torture implied "a disposition to inflict suffering coupled with indifference to, or pleasure in, the victim's pain." He did not think that those members of the security forces who "ill-treated" the prisoners in August 1971 got any pleasure from what they were doing, therefore what they did was not torture. Lord Gardiner thought this "a remarkable definition," but Reginald Maudling told the House of Commons on November 16, 1971 that "the Compton Committee had found no evidence of physical brutality by the British Army or the RUC, still less of torture or brainwashing." Maudling also said, in seeming contradiction of the above, that none of the torture victims had suffered any permanent physical or mental injury.

All the evidence, available in 1971, available today and presented in the report of the European Commission, proves that Compton's report was manifestly untrue. The evidence of medical experts and psychologists proves that Maudling also was wrong when he said there were no aftereffects. As early as November 1971, Dr. Anthony Storr, a prominent British psychiatrist, predicted that the tortures to which the internment victims had been subjected would leave scars for years. Robert Daly, professor of psychiatry at the University of Cork and one of the Irish Government's expert witnesses at the hearings of the commission, told the American Psychiatric Association in May this year that today nearly all the victims of the tortures are suffering from serious physical, psychological and personal aftereffects.

The conclusions of the Compton committee were so idiotic and so contrary to fact that Heath, out of shame, later appointed a Committee of Privy Counsellors under the chairmanship of Lord Parker "to consider authorized procedures for the investigation of persons suspected of terrorism." The important section of the Parker report, which was published in March 1972, was the Minority Reservation in which Lord Gardiner doubted if the torture techniques had ever been formally authorized by any government minister. He found it difficult to decide this question of authorization, since the torture techniques were "never published or ever written down" in any sort of official document or instruction manual. He further stated that even if a minister had authorized the torture techniques his action would have been invalid "because the procedures are and were illegal by the domestic law and may also have been illegal by international law." Heath accepted Lord Gardiner's minority opinion and since then the British Government has paid around £250,000 in compensation to the torture victims. It has settled all these claims out of court, obviously not wanting to have the details of the torture again proven in public.

Nonetheless, someone in government must have at one time authorized the use of the torture procedures, illegal though those procedures are, and it was someone acting with a criminal disregard for the common law of the United Kingdom. Was that guilty man Heath, or was it one of the Prime Ministers who preceded him? Was it really Lord Carrington, as John Taylor has said, or Brian Faulkner or some highly placed military chief? Or are



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they all guilty? And if the administrators have been guilty of violating the laws of their own country, why has Parliament been silent?

For Britain these questions are just as important as the questions that led to the exposure of the Watergate cover-up and brought about the downfall of Richard Nixon. In fact they are more important, since they immediately raise the further question of why the torture techniques have been devised at all. It is no secret that in the dying days of their empire the British used brutality and torture against people who opposed them in Kenya, Aden, Cyprus and other colonies. They have now applied these tortures to people living within the United Kingdom itself, not because they wanted especially to torture the IRA but because by August 1971 they had probably improved upon the earlier methods used in Aden and needed human guinea pigs upon whom to experiment. And to witness the experiments, according to Lord Gardiner, "officers from the English intelligence center were present in the control room of the interrogation center in Northern Ireland."

If the economic problems of the United Kingdom intensify and the pressure of a left-wing opposition becomes intolerable, the authorities may be compelled to use the five techniques (and perhaps others still to be devised) to control their dissident population at home. Frank Kitson, who served as a military counterinsurgent in Kenya, in Ulster and elsewhere, has stated in his book, *Low Intensity Operations*, that the experience gained by British troops in Ulster will be invaluable if the army is required to control popular demonstrations in Britain itself. And so it could be with the more sinister systems of torture which the European Commission has condemned as inhuman and degrading. Indeed the London editor of the *Irish Times* reported on September 4 that British troops are still being trained in the use of the very torture techniques which Europe has condemned.

It could well be then that the British public may have reason to be grateful to the government of the Irish Republic for its determination to see this torture case through to the end and to get a judgment from the European Court that may compel the British to abandon torture as a method of forcing information from their opponents. □

THE REGULATORY AGENCIES

# SALVAGE JOB AHEAD

**DAVID ZIELENZIGER**

*"No public measure is safe in the atmosphere of Washington unless labor Congressmen watch its workings. No federal commission will win the respect of the people until its membership is purged of hack politicians and trust magnates in favor of public spirited citizens."*

These aren't the words of Ralph Nader, John W. Gardner, or Philip A. Hart. They come rather from a 1921 Mine Workers' convention speech by John Brophy, the "Jock" Yablonski of his day. Like Yablonski, Brophy advocated that the federal government act directly to assure safety in the coal mines, a message that fell on deaf ears during the Harding administration.

Brophy's plain truth ought to be resurrected and acted upon by liberals and other public-spirited citizens. So far this year they haven't been able to do anything very well, much less present an agenda to the nation. Since the outcome of the nominations became apparent, they have been caught in the corners, sulking. Unable to answer the anti-government broadsides of Governors Reagan and Carter, liberals have been shocked by the public's acceptance of the anti-government theme. When the new Peter Hart poll of nonvoters indicated that 85 per cent of the sample doesn't trust government, they retreated farther into the sidelines.

The right wing, and those who travel with it, have managed to run away with the anti-government theme by invoking the specter of "regulation." Usually loaded with arcane "facts" and generally treated only as a matter of ideology, "regulation" has become very unpopular. Reagan was able to put forth the simplistic idea that occupational safety and health *really* means a portable toilet in every rancher's field. Gerald Ford has been able to scare the flock by invoking the "big government that can intrude into your lives and takes away your freedoms." And though Carter, with his alleged zeal for zero-based budgeting, has preached a platform of good management to provide a better delivery of services, he has not separated himself from the Right by acknowledging that government is not always the enemy of the people. The situation offers clear-headed citizens an excellent opportunity to fight back.

So, with the Presidential debates underway, this is the time to ask Ford and Carter: How do you really feel about regulation? How do you value the notable collection of laws—the heart of the liberal platform—enacted in the later years of Johnson's administration and the first year of Nixon's?

With the combined push of the consumer and labor movements and stimulated by several outright national emergencies, Congress in those days passed a substantial amount of badly needed legislation. Much of it consisted of a drastic renovation of laws dating from the Progressive era; that was symbolized, perhaps, by the presence of Upton Sinclair and Ralph Nader at the White House

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when Lyndon Johnson signed new meat inspection legislation.

Laws ranging from the National Highway Traffic Safety Act to the Hazardous Materials Control Act, the Natural Gas Pipeline Safety Act to the Clean Air Act all assigned new responsibilities to government regulators. Along with major new bills that covered most workers and almost all citizens—the Coal Mine Health and Safety Act, the Occupational Safety and Health Act, the Environmental Protection Act and others—these laws helped complete much unfinished business. They were several giant steps in the right direction.

But many of these laws shared similar weaknesses. All included key phrases written in Pickwickian language, a style not uncommon in regulatory laws. Also, they suffered from the hostility, both subtle and overt, of the people who were taking over in the Nixon White House. The Coal Mine Bill, for instance, was passed only after a 1968 mine catastrophe, Yablonski's losing campaign in the United Mine Workers, waffling by the Department of Labor, and open opposition of the energy industry. In December 1969, when the bill finally passed Congress, Nixon strongly hinted at a veto. After West Virginia miners staged a massive walkout, pressure grew for approval. Rep. Ken Hechler (D., W.Va.) chartered a plane to bring members of the Widows Mine Disaster Committee to the White House, where they were received by Edward L. Morgan, then counsel to the President. On the last day for signing the bill, Nixon approved it "with reservations" and flew off to San Clemente. By that time, the damage to this law had been done. The President's hostility was taken into account from then on by everyone from policy makers in the Office of Management and Budget to the mine inspector in Pikeville, Ky.

Similar fates have befallen most of the other consumer and safety laws that shared the same critical years of development. Most were put into operation quickly, various departments filling the Code of Federal Regulations with existing regulations from industry standards. One organization whose standards have been transferred en masse into federal rules is the American Society for Testing Materials, an industry-academic group that puts out a little guide with a picture of a football stadium on its cover. In "A Fan's Guide To ASTM," the booklet says: "In most other countries, the government organizes the standards games, pays all the expenses and calls the plays. In the United States, government and industry in our system of free enterprise play the game as equals in the ASTM stadium to benefit the entire nation." Nixon must have loved the analogy.

Rule-making for new standards was left to government advisory committees, supposed to be composed of industry, expert and public members. From the start, they have been dominated by political hacks and corporation representatives. Contracts for research and development of new standards and equipment were let to industry or to academic "consultants" with ties to industry.

Fines and penalties, assessed by the laws for infractions, went uncollected or were deliberately not levied. When they were, large corporations were frequently permitted to write them off as business expenses. Officials authorized to levy fines for violations of worker safety

*"Cut Pollution? Why That Could Cost These People Their Jobs!"*



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regulations have been plagued by lawsuits. One upset assessor lamented, "Maybe I shouldn't tell you this, but we don't know if what we do around here will be declared illegal later." Contracts for training federal inspectors and workers and for preparing educational materials were frequently given to persons utterly unqualified. How else could Harry Treleaven, the producer of Nixon's 1968 media campaign, have been given one to make a movie on coal mine safety?

When 1972 arrived, the industries "regulated" by these new laws, and others desiring to acknowledge the general caliber of appointees to already existing commissions, thanked the Nixon administration for a job well done. One need only compare the GAO compilation of campaign contributions to CREEP with the names of members of federal advisory committees to see the connection. And this does not include the lists compiled by the Watergate Special Prosecutor.

So the recent bad news in the regulatory field should not be surprising. If one had visited the tiny Office of Pipeline Safety in the Department of Transportation and been told a few years ago "We don't foresee any problems with the Alaska Pipeline," why be surprised when investigators "suddenly" discover thousands of bad welds? If one had seen the institutional chaos at the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health, why be surprised when deaths from asbestos and polyvinyl chloride cause industry-wide cancer scares?

Allied Chemical workers wading knee-deep in kepone? A Ford veto of a strip-mine bill based on data directly supplied by the energy industry? Another veto of a consumer protection agency that would interfere with "free enterprise"? There are very few surprises in the field these days.

Walter J. Hickel, Nixon's first Secretary of the Interior, wrote in *Who Owns America?* about his reaction to the important regulatory laws that gave him tremendous responsibilities for assuring safety and health. When it came to handling the oil companies, he said, "if I caught them playing games, I didn't give a damn what happened, I would straighten it out." But in dealing with safety in coal, metallic and nonmetallic mines, Hickel honestly conceded: "I never could get my hands on the mining thing. I was frankly unable to fight my way through the mass of conflicting facts and opinions to get at the clean, honest story. I never had a 'gut' feeling toward it, something I consider extremely important."

While it might be easy to conclude that no regulatory legislation could have succeeded in a Republican administration, particularly in one of such unparalleled corruption, Democrats on the state level have not set any milestones in enforcing state counterparts of many of these laws. In Pennsylvania, even Herbert Denenberg, the state's insurance commissioner, fell from favor after valiantly fighting for consumers. In New York, Ogden Reid was removed as commissioner of the State Department of Environmental Conservation when he insisted that the dumping of polychlorinated bi-phenyls (PCBs) cease, despite Governor Carey's commitment to industrial recovery. Although the Democratic impetus was largely responsible for enacting these regulatory laws, the Kennedy and Johnson years were not notably concerned with consumer and safety protection. A certain sensitivity to the issue, not present in a Republican administration, was shown, but there was more lip service than action.

In the weeks ahead, then, the American citizenry should make both Presidential candidates understand that it wants regulation dealt with seriously, in the terms outlined by John Brophy fifty-five years ago. For with complete and effective overhaul, these laws are salvageable. With better Congressional oversight and active monitoring by citizens, much of the damage of the Nixon years can be undone.

Gerald Ford cannot write off the issue in this election year. He can say he was not responsible for their implementation and use his powers to begin a revamping. He can demonstrate that Republicans, too, are concerned for safety and health. Governor Carter, running against the bureaucracy, sometimes makes Populist noises and shows an awareness of traditional Democratic concerns. So far, however, his concern for efficiency has not touched upon regulation, an essential part of good government. He still has time to make his position evident.

Surely, tough, fair and vigilant enforcement of the law is the best way to win the confidence of the people. How do the contenders respond? □

PUERTO RICO

# RISING TIDE FOR INDEPENDENCE

**ALAN HOWARD**

In the last week of August the De-Colonization Committee of the United Nations resumed what has become an annual discussion on the political status of Puerto Rico. After a week of discussion and debate, it "reaffirmed the inalienable right of the people of Puerto Rico to self-determination and independence" and recommended that "appropriate measures" for implementing that right be considered at next year's session. This recommendation will be included in the committee's report to the current General Assembly, where further debate is possible. Although U.S. Government officials tend to play down the importance of the U.N.'s deliberations on the ques-

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tion, the State Department has launched a major diplomatic offensive to defeat the pro-independence position supported by many Third World and Socialist countries.

"You can be sure that the signal has gone out in a million ways," said one State Department officer, "that questioning Puerto Rican status is about equal to expelling Israel from the U.N. in terms of provoking a U.S. response."

This startling equation is an indication of the growing official concern about Puerto Rico. The deterioration of economic conditions on the island and the decline of political hegemony of the Popular Democratic Party (PPD), which favors the existing Commonwealth status, has led to a renewed challenge to the political ties between Puerto Rico and the United States, a challenge that has been carried into the international political arena and the halls of Congress and shows no sign of abating. The cutting edge of that challenge is that, ever since the U.S. military invasion of the island in 1898, Puerto Rico has been a colony of the United States, and in the opinion of much of the world the time has long passed for Puerto Rico to achieve the independence of a sovereign state.

The idea that this country has ever possessed colonies, let alone still maintains any in 1976, strikes many Americans as preposterous. The notion of colonies, and colonialism, is popularly associated with European elites lording it over the dark masses of Asia and Africa, or with the romantic vision of the clash between civilization and savagery.

Such images seem remote from modern Puerto Rico, an admittedly poor country by U.S. standards but also a fairly developed one when compared to the rest of the Third World. The charge that Puerto Rico is a colony seems all the more incongruous given the virtual elimination of colonialism throughout the world; by U.N. estimates, less than 1 per cent of the world's population still lives under colonial conditions. But if, by a quirk of history, the most powerful capitalist nation in the world found itself still in possession of a colony long after its weaker European rivals had been forced to relinquish theirs, it's a safe bet that it would look a lot like Puerto Rico.

The U.S. Government acknowledges that, until 1952, Puerto Rico was indeed a colony, or in the diplomatic language of the U.N., a non-self-governing territory administered by the United States. This meant that the United States exercised sovereign control over a territory that was geographically separate and/or ethnically distinct from itself, what the U.N. Charter terms a *prima facie* case of a non-self-governing territory. But in 1952, the U.S. Government maintains, Puerto Rico "effectively exercised its right to self-determination . . . by freely and fully participating in the establishment of a Commonwealth of Puerto Rico freely associated with the United States." Puerto Rican status, therefore, is an "internal question" of the United States, and the U.N.'s discussion of the matter is an infringement of U.S. sovereignty. Washington insists, quite accurately, that the U.N. itself decided in 1953 that Puerto Rico had expressed its will "in a free and democratic manner" to establish a "mutually agreed association" with the United States, and therefore should no longer be classified as a colony.

So why, twenty-three years later, is the question being discussed so fervently at the U.N. and elsewhere? One reason is that the United States and its allies have been unable to prevent certain crucial changes in the rules for de-colonization. When the 1953 decision was made—and even then the vote was fairly close, with twenty-six in favor, sixteen opposed and eighteen abstentions—the system of colonialism was in full collapse, though this was barely reflected politically at the U.N. The turning point came in 1960 with the admission of sixteen newly independent African states. This altered the balance of power in the U.N., and measures began to be introduced on the question of de-colonization that flowed directly from the experiences, attitudes and biases of the formerly colonized peoples, who immediately set themselves the task of accelerating the demise of colonialism in any form.

The first practical result of their work was Resolution 1514, titled the Declaration on the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples, and also known as the "Magna Carta of De-colonization." It states that

> immediate steps should be taken, in trust and non-self-governing territories and all other territories that have not yet attained independence, to transfer all powers to the peoples of those territories, without any conditions or reservations, in accordance with their freely expressed will and desire, without any distinction to race, creed or colour, in order to enable them to enjoy complete independence and freedom.

The United States was one of a handful of Western countries, including France, Portugal, Spain, South Africa and the United Kingdom, that abstained on the vote on Resolution 1514; it passed overwhelmingly, 89 to 0. That we should find ourselves in the company of the major colonial powers on this particular vote is a reminder of the historic ambivalence we have demonstrated on the question. On the one hand are the anti-colonial elements of the American Revolution and the often repeated—if conveniently selected—condemnations of European colonization throughout the world. On the other have been the economic and political compulsions that have urged us into relationships with other nations based on paternalistic and colonialist patterns similar to those of the European powers.

Resolution 1514 assumes that, once a state has attained sovereign powers, it may choose any political status it wants, including the type of association that now exists between Puerto Rico and the United States. The disputed and critical point is what constitutes satisfactory preconditions for exercising self-determination. The U.S. Government says that ever since 1952 those conditions have existed in Puerto Rico. The opposition says that Puerto Rico must become independent before it can be free to choose.

While a sector of the ruling Popular Democratic Party argues that Puerto Rico is today an autonomous political entity, free to make its own laws and choose its own



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form of government—consistent with the U.S. Constitution—it is difficult to see that any qualitative change occurred in the nature of U.S. federal authority over the island after 1952. All fundamental decisions regarding Puerto Rico, from tariffs to defense, from environmental standards to wages, from currency control to immigration, are made in Washington, where Puerto Ricans do not participate in the government. Even a politician as friendly to the United States as Carlos Romero Barcelo, the Mayor of San Juan who advocates that Puerto Rico become the fifty-first state and who stands a good chance of being elected Governor this November, does not hesitate to say that "We are a colony of sorts. We have no political rights, no voting representative in the Congress, can't vote for President. The rest of the elected officials make decisions for us."

Those who defend the present status say that despite its inequities and colonial vestiges, it has occasioned significant economic progress, and that, most important, the Puerto Rican people have indicated time and again that they prefer Commonwealth status to either statehood or independence. U.S. officials are particularly vehement against those who advocate independence. "Their objection is that Puerto Rico is not independent, whether it wants to be or not," observed one official. "They say the United States should impose independence. They might as well be talking about independence for Eskimos."

This same official is quick to add, however, that the offer made back in 1953 by the U.S. representative to the U.N. still stands: "if, at any time, the Legislative Assembly of Puerto Rico adopts a resolution in favor of more complete or even absolute independence, he [the President] will immediately thereafter recommend to Congress that such independence be granted. . . ."

Independence forces question the sincerity of this offer. But beyond that, there is a peculiar ingenuousness in the American attitude toward independence—as if the views of the Puerto Rican people emerge from some historical and social vacuum unrelated to seventy-eight years of association with a dominant political system, as if institutions imposed by force of arms and continually nourished with the values of the dominant nation did not exercise tremendous influence on the views that Puerto Ricans have toward that nation. To take only one of the more obvious examples, the mere presence of U.S. military installations and personnel is a coercive, if unintentional, reminder of the authority that the U.S. Government maintains over the island and its people.

Of course, many Puerto Ricans support Commonwealth status—it would be surprising if they did not, given the dependent character of Puerto Rico's relationship to the United States. After all, many Americans supported the British Crown in 1776 against what most historians estimate to have been a minority of rebels who favored independence. This is the real question: the strength and numbers of those who oppose the existing relationship and their political options.

The U.S. Government cites a series of elections—the adoption of the 1952 Constitution, the quadrennial elections for local office and the 1967 referendum—to show that the Puerto Rican people have overwhelmingly rejected independence in favor of the present status. One has only to recall the Algerian referendum a few years before independence, in which more than 90 per cent of those voting favored continued union with France, to question how accurately such elections measure nationalist sentiment. A closer look at the Puerto Rican elections confirms these suspicions. In every one of the quadrennial elections both Commonwealth and Statehood Parties have insisted that "status is not the issue." These elections are decided on issues very much like those which differentiate the Democratic and Republican Parties, with which the Popular Democratic Party and the pro-statehood New Progressive Party are respectively affiliated. The 1952 constitutional vote was on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, in which more than a third of the electorate voted to leave it. The 1967 referendum was boycotted by the independence movement. Going by the most recent election results, one would conclude that only about 5 per cent of the Puerto Rican electorate favored independence. This ignores the fact that significant sectors of the independence movement did not participate in those elections. It also ignores an elementary characteristic of the majority Popular Democratic Party, founded by former Governor Luis Muñoz Marin. Its appeal to the population is basically a nationalist one, a promise to preserve the autonomy and distinct national identity of the Puerto Rican people against those who favored assimilation into the United States. "We are a Latin American country inhabited by U.S. citizens," was the way one fervent advocate of Commonwealth status summed up the relationship. Muñoz Marin saw Commonwealth as a means whereby Puerto Rico could retain its national integrity while acquiring economic advantages as part of the United States. The sustained growth of the U.S. economy after World War II made the formula work, but the recent contractions of the economy have had convulsive effects in Puerto Rico and raise serious questions about the ability of Commonwealth status to deliver economically. The result for masses of Puerto Ricans is that their nationalist aspirations are no longer subordinated to the economic incentives of the U.S. connection. That, as much as any other factor, explains the resurgence of the independence movement in recent years, and should alert us to a more realistic assessment of the balance of political forces in Puerto Rico today.

In the final analysis, the accuracy of that assessment will be the decisive factor. The debate in the United Nations has enormous propaganda force, but the United States has made clear that it will not be bound by any decision reached on Puerto Rico in the de-colonization committee or General Assembly. And in the Security Council the U.S. veto power will undoubtedly impede any action on the island.

The legalistic discussions on the applicability of Resolution 1514 to Puerto Rico and even the moral imperatives on the right of independence will ultimately be resolved by how U.S. strategic interests are defined and by the correlation of forces both internationally and regionally.



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One important point to consider is geography. The acquisition of Puerto Rico was a corollary of the vital role occupied by the Caribbean in our defense system. The region has traditionally been viewed as the "soft underbelly" of the United States, and securing it as a friendly area was given the highest priority by generations of strategic planners. No place was more central in this view than Cuba, the largest land mass in the Caribbean and almost within sight of our coast. But strategic assumptions about the Caribbean have been shaken by the consolidation of the Cuban Revolution and more recently by the effects of de-colonization in the area.

Of the thirty-six colonies that have become independent since passage of Resolution 1514, seven have been in the Caribbean (Bahamas, Barbados, Grenada, Guyana, Jamaica, Surinam, and Trinidad and Tobago). With independence, some of these countries have moved toward left-wing positions that in the past would surely have been cause to call out the Marines. For the first time in a century, the United States faces "losing control" of the Caribbean, and that situation has evoked a remarkable response.

"The period when we could consider ourselves the 'watchdog' and 'policeman' of the hemisphere has passed," William H. Luers, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, recently told a Congressional committee. In what must be considered an astounding shift in strategic priorities, Luers testified that the establishment of a "Marxist-Leninist" government in Guyana, the leftward direction of the Socialist government in Jamaica, the refueling of Angola-bound Cuban planes in Barbados and the impending loss of absolute control over the Panama Canal do not constitute a threat to the national security of the United States.

"We have been able to adopt this approach because we no longer perceive," Luers said, "as we once did, that an extra-hemisphere power will be able to mount a significant threat to our own vital interests in Latin America or to the stability of the Latin American states. . . .The societies involved have emerged from a recent environment of colonialism, and their leaders are zealously interested in preserving their hard-won status of independence." Not all the countries mentioned take the State Department's view at face value. There have been charges of "destabilization" activities and other forms of pressures, but Luers's statement does reflect a new post-Vietnam maturity and perception of the limits of U.S. power.

In this context, the emergence of an independent Puerto Rico does not seem as far-fetched as it once did. Almost all the newly independent nations of the area are smaller and poorer than Puerto Rico and yet have avoided the dire pre-independence predictions of sinking into hopeless poverty or falling prey to foreign powers hostile to the United States. But when one asks how Puerto Rico fits into the new strategic flexibility, one immediately discovers the peculiar blind spot in the vision of great nations toward their own dependencies. "Puerto Rico is totally different from the rest of the Caribbean" is typical of the reply I got from most government officials. "We are not talking about an uninhabited piece of real estate in the middle of nowhere," remarked one official, his voice impatient and aroused by what he seemed to consider the impertinence of such a question. "There's a naval base, corporations, extensive economic and military interests already in place." And then in a burst of exasperation, came what he considered the most definitive possible response to the question: "Puerto Rico is ours!"

Indeed, the extent of U.S. investment on the island is not appreciated by the general public. The nearly $14 billion that U.S. corporations and banks have invested there is more than has been placed in any other country of Latin America, and that includes giants like Brazil, Mexico and Argentina. In fact, U.S. firms have more direct investment ($6 billion) in Puerto Rico than in any other single country of the world with the exceptions of Canada, Great Britain and West Germany. The relative stability and assurance of operating under U.S. law is extremely important to these firms. Puerto Rico is also the site of strategic U.S. military installations, the value of which is probably enhanced as other areas of the Caribbean become less secure from the point of view of the Pentagon.

And then there is perhaps the most sensitive point of all. As long as Puerto Rico remains a part of the United States, as long as it is dealt with as an "internal matter," an independence movement that is also deeply influenced by socialist and revolutionary ideas develops within the constitutional and political structures of the United States itself. Conflicts and problems arising from the particular contradictions of Puerto Rican society must ultimately be resolved within the framework of American political institutions. That includes anything from the need to feed the 75 per cent of the population eligible for food stamps, which absorbs 10 per cent of the total expenditure of the U.S. food stamp program, to the by no means remote prospect of "armed struggle," a possibility that neither of the major independence parties has ruled out.

For the past twenty years few people in Washington or San Juan doubted the ability of the existing relationship to contain the island's problems without undue stress on our political institutions. It has only been recently that the confidence generated by the economic growth under Commonwealth status and the quiescence of the independence movement has given way to the beginnings of a reappraisal of policy.

One public indication of new thinking on the question was an "unofficial" State Department senior seminar study by C. Arthur Borg, published last year, which called for taking an "initiative in searching for ways in which the U.S. can help to 'steer' the Puerto Rican political-status question, rather than continuing to drift along in the illusory expectation that Puerto Rican 'self-determination' will answer the question before we are confronted with real trouble on the island. . . ." Borg urged that a decision be made on

> how far the thrust for greater Puerto Rican autonomy could be permitted to proceed before it placed too great a burden—constitutionally or politically—on the U.S.-Puerto Rican relationship. A *prior* conception of that



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limit would help us to decide whether we are really prepared to support Commonwealth status in perpetuity, or whether we must prepare now for an eventual move to either statehood or independence [italics in original].

At the more thoughtful levels of the State Department, and in contrast to the arguments offered for public and international consumption, there are signs of this new realism. "It's obvious that Commonwealth status resolved nothing," said one official. "There are new pressures that can't be resolved in the traditional structures."

New pressures are traditionally played out and resolved in the U.S. Congress. The most recent episode of this drama was the attempt by pro-Commonwealth politicians in Puerto Rico to get approval for a document called "Compact of Permanent Union Between Puerto Rico and the United States" as their answer to the current economic and political difficulties. The compact, in its original form, contained a number of provisions allowing Puerto Rico greater autonomy in dealing with labor, environmental, immigration and other problem areas on the island. But the document has met unprecedented opposition, both in Washington and San Juan.

Phillip Burton, chairman of the House Territorial and Insular Affairs Committee, knows more about Puerto Rico than almost anyone else in the Congress. He is angry and frustrated by the inability to get even a scaled-down version of the original compact through the Congress. While he insists that a number of provisions would help the island, he finds that the proposal has only inflamed the debate on political status. Burton strongly criticizes the White House's calculated inaction on the compact, a position undoubtedly shaped by President Ford's pro-statehood Republican allies in Puerto Rico who object to what they regard as the compact's unquestioning assumption of Commonwealth status.

Within the Congress there is a pronounced distaste for the special features of Commonwealth status that permit federal tax exemptions while federal aid has risen dramatically as Congressional liberals have included Puerto Rico in various assistance programs. In the past, intensive and sophisticated lobbying has overcome these objections. Muñoz Marin used such skills and Washington connections adroitly from the days of the New Deal well into the 1960s; in many ways they were the underpinnings of his Popular Democratic Party. But the PPD monopoly in Washington has been broken, and one senses the beginning of a wide-ranging discussion in the Congress on the question of Puerto Rican status.

Nowhere is this more explicit than in the recent resolution introduced by Rep. Ronald V. Dellums that calls for "all powers and authority presently exercised by the U.S. Government over the territory of Puerto Rico [to] be relinquished and transferred unconditionally to the People of Puerto Rico. . . ." It is not coincidental that the wording of the resolution, formally designated H.J. Res. 1010, bears a striking resemblance to U.N. Resolution 1514. The Dellums resolution assumes that the views of the formerly colonized nations on the subject of colonialism are basically sound, and that by meeting these standards on self-determination we "will show to the world that there is one great power that really believes what it says and that the United States is concerned more for principle than power." This development is undoubtedly related also to new domestic pressures. The independence movement is very active among the 2 million Puerto Ricans now living in this country and has made a number of alliances within the Left and progressive sectors of the American political spectrum. In an event studiously ignored by most of the media in July, some 50,000 people demonstrated in Philadelphia in their own version of the Bicentennial celebration, and one of their principal slogans was "Independence for Puerto Rico."

There is nothing strange about this flurry of activity about Puerto Rico. From the application of the New Deal program in the 1930s to the intensification of Operation Bootstrap and the creation of the Commonwealth in the early 1950s, reappraisals of the U.S.-Puerto Rican relationship have invariably been stimulated by the periodic resurgence of the island's independence movement. After reaching a low point in the early 1960s, that movement has been growing steadily for the past decade and shows every sign of continuing to do so. It is sophisticated and well organized, with solid bases in the labor movement and among students and intellectuals. It has developed important ties internationally, not only with the socialist bloc countries and Third World nations but also with social democratic parties in Europe and Latin America. The gains of the independence forces are directly related to the declining performance, both economic and social, of the Commonwealth model. If this trend continues, the U.S. Government will soon face a militant and powerful political movement determined to win independence by any means necessary. At that point, notes one State Department official, "When the question of Puerto Rican status enters the mainstream of American politics, decisions will not be made in State. They'll be made in Congress, the White House, the media, just as we see happening with Panama."

It is only reasonable to assume that those "interests already in place" will insist that the government pay the price of defending the status quo, whether it be in the form of rising federal expenditures on the island or political confrontation in the international arena. The ultimate question is how much the American people are willing to pay, and at what point these policies become self-defeating, even for the powerful interests most immediately involved. The reference to Panama is pertinent, for behind the conciliatory position of the Ford administration is the cold realization that if the issue were pushed to the breaking point, there is real doubt that the Canal could be kept open in the face of a hostile Panama, to say nothing of the rest of the continent.

One senses that Puerto Rico will be our most difficult test of the lessons learned from the era of Vietnam. Unfortunately, if past experience is any indication, the force of inertia and old prejudices will prevent the government from taking any decisive action until a crisis is upon us. But maybe that is changing. At the State Department the other day an official picked up the phone to make a routine inquiry for this reporter.

"Who's worrying about Puerto Rico these days?" he asked. "Everyone," came the reply. □



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## Strangers in America

THE VANISHING WHITE MAN. *By Stan Steiner. Harper & Row. 297 pp. $10.95.*

**FREDERICK W. TURNER III**

The title of Stan Steiner's most recent work is meant to be taken in three related ways: first, it is an easily recognized play on the late 19th-century epithet, The Vanishing American, as it was then applied to the American Indians, popularly supposed to be on the verge of extinction; second, it refers to tribal prophecies forecasting eventual extinction of the American white man, not the Indian; and finally it points up the fulfillment of such prophecies in the steady retreat of whites back to the cities from whence they had come. These cities themselves are seen as doomed excrescences on the American landscape, a landscape which Steiner says may well be purged of the white presence sooner than we imagine.

The locale for these dramatic observations is the West. The field of focus is the current energy crisis and what it is doing to this region. Steiner concentrates on strip mining leases such as those wrested from the Hopi tribe on their "sacred" Black Mesa; those on the lands of the Northern Cheyenne, temporarily canceled by Secretary of the Interior, Rogers C. B. Morton, in a blunder that cost him his position; and those obtained on the lands of veteran white ranchers in Montana. There is also considerable attention given to the growing fight for water, here not so much water for urban consumption as water needed to cool the machinery that extracts the coal and shale oil from the earth. The cumulative effect of all this high-powered activity is to make the region a "slave state" to the nation's exorbitant energy needs, to urbanize and industrialize it into nothing more than a vast, dusty counterpart of the rest of the country east of the Mississippi.

Once again the Native Americans (whom Steiner refers to throughout as the People) are the biggest losers, though to be sure there are other losers as well. But the Native Americans are more helpless than any other group, basically defenseless before the meshed forces of their putative protector (the government) and the speculating oppressors. And they are the biggest losers on another count, because even after all this time the native cultures still derive their deepest spiritual resources from the land, no matter how apparently wasted and infertile. So loss of the land base is more than an economic development, for it has always resulted in the swift disintegration of whatever remains of the tribal ways. Experience continues to show us that there are severe psychological and social consequences of this development, and yet, as Steiner makes clear, the government continues to believe, or pretends to believe, that cash settlements are adequate compensation for land losses.

For these reasons Steiner compares the process of intimidation, bribery and coercion in the negotiation of these leases to the history of treaties once enacted between the government and the tribes, a ghastly enough comparison suggesting that we have learned *something* from our history—what methods are efficient for the acquisition of whatever it is we need at the moment.

But Steiner does not stop with a documentation of the plight of the Native Americans, and that he does not is one of the book's virtues. He goes on to suggest through a wide range of interviews ("testaments") with Indians, ranchers, scientists, politicians and trinket traders that the destruction of the Western landscape and the relocation of its peoples will destroy something fundamental to America, and that in a way as yet obscure it may really presage the disappearance of the white man from this continent. He quotes South Dakota Sen. James Abourezk as prophesying that the urbanization of the West and of the Indians may be a kind of termination, and this idea is echoed in many of the other interviews whose sentiments range from bitterness (the white ranchers) to apocalyptic hope (the Indians).

Though he disparages Frederick Jackson Turner as a typical white historian who wrote of the frontier as if it were nothing more than an engagement between whites and the landscape, Steiner really seems to be recapitulating the essence of Turner's "Frontier Thesis" as it has been revised and edited over the years: that the existence of the West, its landscape, its scale, colors, and style of life, and most especially its peoples, gives America its special and unique character.

It is hard to argue with this, though surely the degree to which it is persuasive will to some extent be conditioned by where one grew up. Growing up in Chicago might well give one a sense of the imminent, vast power of the West which seemed to begin right behind the billboards on the western fringes of the city. Growing up in the Bronx or North Carolina might draw for us other mental maps. And yet wherever we have grown up the influence of the West will have been felt, and this tells us that a great many have thought that there was something special about this region and that this notion long antedates the Turner thesis.

From Steiner's point of view and experience what nerves this psychological phenomenon, what makes America different, is the aboriginal presence. Again this is hard to argue with, for nowhere else has a national culture developed with such a tangled, ambivalent intimacy with its aboriginal inhabitants. Australia provides the best comparison, but it is a weak one, and the aborigine there seems never to have been so vital a part of the national character. Here in America from the very outset the Indian helped to shape the culture and the national character. Indians were paradisal children, or vicious savages, or devil's disciples, or primitive philosophers, or sodomites and shiftless thieves; they were brave warriors and trusted friends, or they were dry-gulchers and traitors. But however successively regarded, one thing had to be admitted: the Indian could not really be got rid of.

Puritans howled for his extermination during King Philip's War (1675-76) and performed their own scalp dance over Philip's mutilated corpse in a Rhode Island swamp. Yet the Indian appears on the state seal of Massachusetts and in countless place names of the area. He has even returned in person to break up Thanksgiving festivities at the reconstructed Plimoth Plantation, long after he was supposed to have faded away into the West.

Midwesterners openly called for the

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*Frederick Turner edited* Geronimo *and* The Portable North American Indian Reader. *He is author of the forthcoming* The Cost of Living: Notes Toward the Reconstitution of American History *(Godine).*



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annihilation of all aborigines in the aftermath of the Minnesota Sioux uprising of 1862, and they bitterly denounced those bleeding-heart advisers who convinced President Lincoln to commute the sentences of all but thirty-eight of the convicted warriors. One newspaper editorially hoped the steamboats deporting the tribe to the arid wastes of Dakota Territory might blow up and so rid humanity of these vermin. Yet we have the name of Little Crow, the uprising's unwilling leader, scattered over the state's parks and streams while thousands make pilgrimages to the blood-red Pipestone Quarry where once the vanished race cut and shaped their smoking implements.

And throughout the wars of the West, waged in the aftermath of the Minnesota massacre and concluding with Wounded Knee in 1890, Westerners never wearied of calling for the final solution to the Indian problem. By the end of 1890 the tribes had finally been mastered, and the frontier was officially declared nonexistent, too. Yet again, the Indian survived, in Wild West shows, on the faces of coins, in the names of patent medicines and political organizations, and in the various manifestations of popular culture which have made the influence of the West inescapable.

Some portion of this phenomenon could, of course, be dismissed as the simple desire for local color: it has always been appealing to whites to daub their activities and places of residence an aboriginal red, for there are exciting, potentially hair-raising connotations here. But much more significantly, it is as if whites have always tacitly accepted a proposition most would vehemently deny if it were put straight to them: that the Indian is the essence of America.

This is a tricky proposition, as some of the above evidence might suggest, for the identification of the Indian with the essence of America is not altogether a comfortable thought. This is because buried within the proposition is an identification of the Indian with the American land—not as it was to become under the restless, improving hand of the whites but as it originally existed: wooded, wild, unscarred and unharmonized with the geography of the European mind. From Spanish days onward what was home to the savage was a featureless threat to the invading white, a landscape without place names, containing no sights or symbols which could be connected to the known past. Fear and hatred are thus the tonal themes of our early wilderness documents—the hesitant whites, driven by the hope of huge profit, guided through swamps, forests, along the courses of monstrous rivers by the aborigines, looking always for a city of gold: De Soto, Coronado, Balboa.

There is awe too in these documents, evoked by the sheer scale of life here or its fecundity—flocks of pigeons that darkened Eastern skies as herds of buffalo did the Western grasslands—but fear and hatred dominate, and the land seems as hostile as the Indian, who in some way was able to live here unaided. Somehow America could not be conciliated. Like the Indian it would have to be subdued.

The genesis of such a response goes much farther back than the discovery of America, of course, though Steiner is content to start with this. It can be traced back at least as far as the ancient Near East and the rise there of the civilization of the city, for in meeting the hard challenges of their environmental extremes those peoples developed an adversary attitude toward all unimproved nature. Nature was hostile to civilization, to the work of man's hands, and this was an attitude shared by the wandering Hebrews of that same area whose hostility to nature in the raw got into the first half of Western civilization's Holy Scripture. So Western whites coming to the Americas came to do battle with the land and to raise their cities defiantly and proudly above it. They could not accept it on its own terms, nor did they ever wish to harmonize with it. The American land came to be seen as the inanimate dimension of the aboriginal presence: savages alone could abide its natural state. It could not be home until it had been cleared and fenced, just as it could not be home until it had been cleared of wandering savages, until these were safely fenced on reservations.

Only this attitude seems adequate to explain the white savaging of the American landscape, the incredibly swift transmogrification of the New World into a recognizable counterpart of the Old World. Only this attitude seems adequate to explain why for most Americans their land of living has never been much more than a field for individual and group expansion, a place to grow but not a place itself, a place to make money but not a place to truly call home. The idea of permanent residence is as foreign to most of us as that aboriginal landscape once seemed to the early invaders. This is as true of the West Steiner writes of as of the older East: as Lewis Mumford pointed out years ago, the inflated grid plans of those Western towns which have remained but towns reveal too baldly that few whites stayed put to grow, but rather surged on, like De Soto and Coronado looking for their golden cities.

It has been widely recognized that our culture of railroads and now of highways shows how transient, and maybe evanescent, our presence here has been. The cancerous strips of quick food joints, radio shacks (meant to fill the silence of our wide spaces), and motels that announce entrance to the most modest of hamlets expose the national tics of growth and movement. So too those grotesque county courthouses of the Midwest and West, which sit like stranded steamboats, surrounded by nothing but the shadows of the projected teeming populaces. So too in another way the shocking and absurd disjunction of the Western towns and whatever natural environment has been permitted to survive around them: Colorado Springs, for example, with its pretentious "downtown," its hopeless grids of suburban bungalows—mocked and dwarfed by the solemnity of Pike's Peak; or Albuquerque of Steiner's adopted state, upthrust like a popsicle in the midst of a desert valley with the Sandia Mountains brooding over the skyscrapers.

Such treatment of our land, of what yet must in the absence of alternatives be called home, amounts to a kind of self-mutilation, as Steiner knows so well. Thus one of his strongest themes is that what whites have done and are doing to the remaining native lands of the West they have done and are doing to their own land, to themselves. Steiner writes that by these mighty acts of deflowerment and urbanization the whites have made themselves strangers in America. Maybe it would be more accurate to say that by these acts they have remained aliens, for whites have never really had roots here of the sort that cannot be torn up for opportunity. To have those sorts of roots one must come to terms with what has been called the Spirit of Place, and whites have long ago ceased to believe in either spirits or places that have autochthonous integrity. The notion of a "sacred" place has been at best a cant phrase for us, at worst an impediment to expansion and development. Steiner quotes an Under Secretary of Agriculture as stating, "We do not have any moral obligations to patches of land."

True, in some isolated instances the spirit of place got into the bloodstream of whites, but often these were women and men who became outcasts and who died as ungrieved atavisms: white Indians, white squaws, or squaw-men were



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their epithets. Even our great pioneers, the tragic La Salle, the moody Boone, were restless real estate developers after all.

The natives who have witnessed this whole spectacle, which according to Steiner has now reached its nadir in the West, would fully agree that the problem is one of roots. Years ago the Lakota Chief, Luther Standing Bear, observed that:

> The white man does not understand the Indian for the reason that he does not understand America. He is too far removed from its formative processes. The roots of the tree of his life have not yet grasped the rock and soil. The white man is still troubled with primitive fears; he still has in his unconscious the perils of this frontier continent, some of its fastnesses not yet having yielded to his questing footsteps and inquiring eyes. He shudders still with the memory of the loss of his forefathers upon its scorching deserts and forbidding mountain-tops. The man from Europe is still a foreigner and an alien. And he still hates the man who questioned his path across the continent.
>
> But in the Indian the spirit of the land is still vested; it will be until other men are able to divine and meet its rhythm. Men must be born and reborn to belong. Their bodies must be formed of the dust of their forefathers' bones.

And Steiner quotes Yetsi Blue of the Tulapip people as believing that the whites are becoming weak because they have cut their roots to the earth. "People are like a tree," she told him. "The leaves of the tree are our thoughts. The branches are our limbs. The trunk is our body. The roots are our veins, where our blood flows from the earth. If you cut the root of the tree, it will die. So the People will die if you cut their roots from the earth."

In the West Steiner writes of, even if such roots had somehow been sunk, and the evidence of this book and elsewhere indicates they have not been, they could not hold: just as the aboriginal title to lands was once declared a legal nullity in preparation for the theft of them, so here the region's white ranchers have discovered that while they might own title to the topsoil, the mineral deposits beneath can be requisitioned by the government. So the roots would be exposed and then gnawed by the shovels of the strip miners, and the holes now being gouged out of the Western landscape may be the very ones referred to in a Lakota proverb: "There is a hole at the end of a thief's path." For this exploitation of the West, now in full process, will indeed take something final and irreplaceable from us. It will take the last bit of land where we might yet fleetingly sense out what should have been the true American Dream: coming to amicable terms with this New World and its inhabitants and thus experiencing some genuine spiritual regeneration. Instead of which we are driven by a consuming, unassuageable loneliness that Steiner has documented so well in these pages, a sense of loss not even founded on the priority of real possession.

One's admiration for Steiner's work does not come easily. Rather it is like one's stubborn assent to Dreiser whose sheer integrity and blood experience eventually must triumph over the false attitudinizing, the sentimentalism, and the soft stretches of his prose. Such is the case with Steiner. Particularly detrimental to this book is his willful avoidance of the darker aspects of tribal life, past and present: a silence on the nomadic attacks of the pre-Fort Sumner Navajo; on the pervasively subservient position of tribal women; on the cruelty and savagery with which the Six Nations ruled their empire and enforced their edicts; on the apparently criminal activities and violence-mongering of Russell Means, here quoted on the spiritual qualities of tribal life as against the brutal aggression of the white way. So that to this extent the spiritual opposition Steiner sets up between the People and the whites is misleading. It needn't have been so.

But having said these things, I would insist that I say them in the context of general admiration, for despite them all Steiner is one of our better authors. This is because he is a gifted listener in a period where the autobiographical statement has greatest currency, and he has listened to and assessed an American heart murmur that few have heard and most would deny. He knows too and has lived amidst the aboriginal presence which lends something entirely unique to this country. But finally what makes Steiner of continuing interest is that in his travels across the country he has discovered the quality that makes America the strange psychological environment it is: our loneliness which comes from our historical alienation from the land. That is what links his earlier work, *The New Indians*, to this one, and that is what makes him worth listening to once again. □

# Overlapping Delusions

**ELIZABETH POCHODA**

*This is the second of a two-part essay on fiction from Czechoslovakia. (Part I appeared on September 18.)*

In *The Guinea Pigs* Vaculík's narrator records his observations of the pigs in a journal which he hides beneath their cage. The reference here to the search and seizure of writers' work in Czechoslovakia is direct and yet oddly farcical too. Western readers will be surprised to find that observation and surveillance are not the tragic material they may expect them to be. Refined in the laboratory of social oppression, both Vaculík and Kundera's knowledge of personal freedom leads inexorably to the comic perception of victims of surveillance who are also, in their private ways, master practitioners of the art. So sophisticated is Kundera's rendering of this perception that one would have to look at 18th-century comedies of manners to find comedy and gulling on the scale of that in his new novel, *The Farewell Party*.* Here in the festive atmosphere of a health spa and fertility clinic the characters take apparent holiday from the pressures of daily life, and once again love, or more accurately sex, is the swing on which they try to move past their destiny just as it is also the swing which returns them to it.

Like the plot of any rich comedy, that of *The Farewell Party* is difficult to summarize with its various subplots, counterplots and the numerous meetings between the two. Since personal destiny is again Kundera's concern, the multiple coincidences of plot and subplot are for him a natural métier. The mechanism of this particular comedy is touched off when Ruzena, a poor and obscure nurse at the spa, phones Klima, a celebrated jazz trumpeter living in the capital, to tell him that she is pregnant, the consequence of his one evening's visit to the spa. As far as Ruzena is concerned her life, like those of Kundera's young men in *Laughable Loves*, is empty of opportunity. Her apartment, her occupation and even her future husband are as good as assigned to her from the moment of her birth. The highly doubtful accusation that Klima is the father of her child is her effort to annex for herself the apparent free-

**The Farewell Party*. By Milan Kundera. Alfred A. Knopf. 209 pp. $7.95.



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doms of Klima who occupies an envied position in her society. But this is a comedy where what does not exist cannot be appropriated, and Klima's freedom, his philandering, and his celebrity, conceal a secret—he is the emotional prisoner of his jealous wife. It is her watchfulness which obliges him to have spells of infidelity only in order to maintain the illusion that he has escaped his destiny as a devoted husband. He is not prepared for paternity or marital strife as the consequences of such freedom, and in the interest of evading such possibilities he is willing, in a mildly comic way, to deceive and oppress Ruzena as much as is necessary. She in turn is a victim equipped with equally powerful weapons of her own.

Ruzena and Klima play out their comedy of mutual deception and oppression while in the background infertile matrons splash in the spa waters hoping to improve their chances of conception. The two themes of unwanted paternity and desired pregnancy are not plot lines at ironic odds with each other, but parallel illustrations of the unforeseen and uncontrollable which govern all the lives in this comedy, especially those who strive to supplant destiny with sexual machinations of their own. Nearly everyone is in the business of exerting some fantastic means of control over fate. Jakub, a victim of the Stalinist purge, carries a suicide pill made by Dr. Skreta, to insure that he is lord and master of his own life and death. Dr. Skreta makes his contribution to universal brotherhood by secretly injecting childless women with sperm from his own private sperm bank. Olga, a young girl and ward of Jakub, sets out to seduce her protector and turn him from father into lover simply so that she can feel, for once, the triumph of her will over circumstance. Three young men in a café try to transform a chance encounter with Klima's beautiful wife and Ruzena into an orgy. And finally, a secret society of old men attempts to purify the streets and the whole society by catching dogs in butterfly nets and putting them away. The juxtaposition of so many overlapping delusions is not simply mindless repetition but a comic device for innovating on the themes of helplessness and control.

Of course something must always go wrong when sex and love are made to bear the whole burden of personal freedom. And when we are led to wonder why these small personal maneuvers return people to the circumstances they wished to escape, the novel seems to reply that it is because as individuals they operate on too small a scale. Everyone has his plot, but there is always another and larger plot which gathers up and transforms the designs of individuals: Klima's brush with danger leaves him temporarily impotent with his wife; Jakub's pride in his own benevolence is destroyed first by eroticism, then later by his own willingness to take a life; Mrs. Klima's love wanes when events fail to confirm her husband's infidelity; the three young men in the café find that the sensual promise of an afternoon slips mysteriously through their fingers. And so on throughout the plot until Skreta, the bestower of life, is also discovered to be the unwitting agent of Ruzena's death and the termination of all *her* particular designs on destiny.

At this point in our experience of the narrative we begin to see its comedy differently. Just as the highly serious material of surveillance can turn farcical when its consequences are scaled down to the doings of guinea pigs and unfaithful husbands, so the farcical matters of paternity suit and fertility clinic can eventually turn back again toward tragedy, or at least toward something approaching it. That these trivial doings should be the matters upon which lives and dignity hang is, when the laughing is done, no laughing matter. What has always disturbed the people in Kundera's fiction is the idea of their missed opportunities, and doubly so since the opportunities they do manage to find are never quite equal to the demands made on them. In this case the opportunities at hand turn hollow and farcical becoming in the end agents of a larger pathos. Thus Skreta's desire to bring an end to the political and cultural dissension of his country culminates in his managing to make numerous big-nosed, short-sighted children who are without knowing it half brothers and half sisters. And when for a moment Jakub perceives that there might be a world of beauty and grace outside the "bitter drama of life in his country" which he has always lived, the occasion of his epiphany is a glimpse of Mrs. Klima, a woman whom we know to be enchained by a small and bitter drama of her own. Similarly, Ruzena's hopes are fastened on the trumpeter Klima whose music, "sincere, gay, carefree" belies every condition of his life and character. Farce continues to diminish people before our eyes until we begin to realize that their only having opportunity for farce in their lives suggests something darker about the surrounding culture.

The analogies to Restoration comedy which seem so apt at first break down as we see the wider implications of farce. Among other things, the final scene in a

## BY THE WRECKMASTER'S COTTAGE AT ASSATEAGUE

*The dunes loosen like winding sheets*
*and with them all hope*
*of keeping things covered:*
*grains at the time, they ride the bay wind*
*and start over wherever they land.*

*Slowly the sand releases the boats*
*to new owners: keel, spar, masthead*
*jabbed towards sky like the finger of blame.*
*I run my hand over ribs picked clean*
*by men who are always arriving first*
*at scenes of disaster, sifting through bones*
*for lockets, daguerreotype grins, strands*
*of hair stripped white by drinking*
*last thoughts from drowned brains.*

*I think of passengers huddled in holds*
*dreaming of impenetrable cypress*
*like an ark nothing chews through,*
*of what it must be to go down*
*in full view of the light*
*on Assateague Island*

*like any landlubber,*
*like those of us who keep falling*
*through hyphenated light*
*until sand weaves the coat*
*that will fit us.*

Paula Rankin



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comedy of manners brings each person's foolishness or ignorance home to him, but in *The Farewell Party* this moment of illumination does not take place. If there are, and it is not clear that there are, specific lessons to be learned here they will be of no help in the future, for these people are consigned to a life of farce. The brotherhood of man is left in the hands of nearsighted offspring who will always be unaware of their mission, and in this new twist to comedy even those people who learn of their mistakes are still somehow not brought to their senses.

The most extreme consequence of a man's actions, in this case murder, is to him weightless, even trivial. Here is a more trenchant display of destiny at work than tragedy generally allows, for these people do not die of their fate, they are discovered to be perpetually living with it. Looked at in this light, it is hard to imagine anything more chilling than Kundera's apparent light-heartedness. □

# The Search for Roots

ROOTS. *By Alex Haley. Doubleday & Co. 587 pp. $12.50.*

**JASON BERRY**

American history has been cursed by the long cherished image of a nation whose origins reflect Jeffersonian ideals, a place where a man might forge reality out of the idealist's dreams. For white men, it has been a legitimate image. In 1965, Imamu Baraka (LeRoi Jones) cut through the image to expose historical truth: "The denial of reality has been institutionalized in America, and any honest man, especially an artist, suffers from it." The irony of his comment is that white intellectuals had by then placed faith in the struggles of the 1960s. Today, a handful of white social critics have discovered the shallowness of America's self-image, how the political lies and distorted values sink deeper into daily life causing a steady decay of the national character. Robert Brustein recently bemoaned what he called our "remake culture," our propensity to recycle old images, many of them soiled to begin with and better discarded.

A more meaningful irony of our sad time is that a decade after the struggle for civil rights, some remarkable books have finally appeared tracing the lines of Afro-American culture and history from slavery down to the present. Seminally important work is being done by such historians as Eugene Genovese *(Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaveholders Made)* and Theodore Rosengarten *(All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw)*, to name but two. Novelists Berry Morgan *(The Mystic Adventures of Roxie Stoner)* and Al Murray *(Train-whistle Guitar)* have drawn on the religious and musical strains of black Southern culture to render stories charged in language superior to that of much modern fiction. And finally, after more than a decade of research, Alex Haley has finished *Roots.*

Haley was Malcolm X's collaborator in the autobiography that is now a classic. Shortly after they finished it Malcolm X was assassinated. Haley then began a personal odyssey, tracing the line of his genealogy back to the African forefather first sold into slavery. It's questionable how many black writers could have done this, since few written records were kept, families divided at the auction block lost touch, and normal generational ties were severed by the tragic movement of Southern history.

To maintain a semblance of racial identity in the plantation culture a profound oral tradition arose among the slaves, an extension of the tradition maintained by the highly specialized African *griots,* who are literally oral historians, traveling from village to village. As *Roots* demonstrates, many uprooted slaves were unaware of their ancestry, and the oral tradition which developed was the sole fortress against the repressive measures of the planters who beat those who tried visibly to preserve their roots.

As a boy in Tennessee, Haley sat at the feet of his grandmother and aunts, who told of

> . . . the long cumulative family narrative that had been passed down across the generations . . . slowly, from hearing the stories each passing summer, I began to recognize frequently repeated names among the people they talked about and to remember things they told about those people. The farthest-back person they ever talked about was a man they called "the African," whom they said had been brought to this country on a ship to some place that they pronounced " 'Naplis." They said he was bought off this ship by a "Massa John Waller," who had a plantation in a place called "Spotsylvania County, Virginia." They would tell how the African kept trying to escape, and how on the fourth effort he had the misfortune to be captured by two white professional slave catchers, who apparently decided to make an example of him. This African was given the choice either of being castrated or having a foot cut off, and—"thanks to Jesus, or we wouldn't be here tellin' it"—the African chose his foot. I couldn't figure out why white folks would do anything as mean and low-down as that.

More than half of this 587-page narrative chronicles the life of "that African," Kunta Kinte, whose identity Haley verified on an investigative trip to the Gambia region. Like *Roots,* Kunta Kinte will become one of the great creations of American literature, a character endowed, through Haley's moving prose, with the thoughts, actions and strength of many millions of American slaves. It is no understatement to call him an Everyman but one who is unlike any allegorical figure in our written culture.

The advance publicity and sale of

*Jason Berry was Charles Evers's press secretary in the 1971 Mississippi governor's race. He is the author of* Amazing Grace *(Saturday Review Press), a study of Evers and changing Southern politics.*

## A DOUBLE PURSUIT

*With a lift of my hand*
*I unlock movement*

*a line elbowing*

*past Wainscott,*
*homeless near boundaries*

*pulled out of trees*
*by the shelves of the sea*

*finding what it leaves*

*it pores over Amagansett*
*Curves careen; the line*
*lists along a traveling edge*

*and planes*

*into the blank of sky*
*which moves down the page*

*of Montauk*

*My pen then begins*
*its mirror image*

*returns through itself*
*to meet back at the driveway*
*my eyes still reflecting*

*all they desired*
*I turn off the drawing*
*and going into park*

*sign the air*

Diana Chang


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*THE NATION*


*Roots* for an autumn television serial assure that the book will be widely read and discussed. No other novelist or historian has provided such a shattering, human view of slavery. This said, and my admiration for the work on record, it is possible to turn to some questions raised by Haley's book.

It seems to me that some sort of sequel to it is necessary, particularly for scholars, since so much of the seminal research is rendered in a novelistic manner. I do not doubt for a moment Haley's literary honesty. But the following statement sent me back to many underlined passages:

> "How much of *Roots* is fact and how much is fiction?" To the best of my knowledge and of my effort, every lineage statement within *Roots* is from either my African or American families' carefully preserved oral history, much of which I have been able to conventionally corroborate with documents. Those documents, along with the myriad textural details of what were contemporary indigenous life-styles, cultural history, and such that give *Roots* flesh have come from years of intensive research in fifty-odd libraries, archives, and other repositories on three continents.
>
> Since I wasn't around when most of the story occurred, by far most of the dialogue and most of the incidents are of necessity a novelized amalgam of what I *know* took place together with what my researching led me to plausibly feel took place.

There are many historians who will wish to know where fictional line diverged from factual basis. There is, for example, a powerful scene when a fellow slave on Kinte's plantation, a fiddler who has just been denied freedom by the *massa,* breaks his instrument and weeps: he had earned the $700 necessary to buy his way out, only to have the planter up the price when the money was produced. I don't doubt the human validity of the event, but was the fiddler real? How many of the minor slave characters in the narrative were real? What more can Haley tell us about them?

Kinte's lone daughter, 14-year-old Kizzy, is sold to another slave owner for helping a young boy forge a traveling pass for his escape. At this point, Kinte and his wife Bell abruptly leave the narrative and do not reappear. I have been thinking about Kunta Kinte, who struggled so valiantly to pass on his real name and a few African facts to his sole child. When did he die? Was Haley able to discern any other facts about his life beyond those which Kizzy passed down?

Kizzy becomes the sexual slave of her new master, a North Carolina redneck.



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Her illegitimate son, Kinte's grandson, then occupies a series of fascinating chapters in which he travels around with his slave-owner father. The boy breeds the master's champion fighting cocks. How much of the relationship did Haley base on fact? This is a question of particular importance because in these passages we see a somewhat more positive side of the white world through the grandson. In fact, the farther away from Kinte the narrative moves, the less reprehensible the slavers become. The progression requires some explanation; Haley undoubtedly did voluminous research into the background of the white men who owned his early ancestors. It would be a great loss if he didn't assemble his factual data into some sort of formal statement. (Faulkner, for instance, provided a valuable guide to *The Sound and the Fury* in the appendix to a later pocket edition.)

A well-publicized, often bitter debate surrounded the 1968 publication of William Styron's *Confessions of Nat Turner*. Many of the black critics hostile to that novel now have in *Roots* a work which deserves their professional scrutiny. It is difficult to judge what influence this work will have on American history until scholars address themselves to the questions posed by *Roots* and set themselves to the task of unraveling answers. As it stands, *Roots* illustrates in deep human detail the historical patterns of slave life proposed by Genovese and other revisionist scholars. Alex Haley is in a unique position to generate important historical, cultural, perhaps even linguistic, research, offshoots of his own sweeping narrative, by serving as a reference guide to other scholars. In a larger way, to the vast popular audience *Roots* will reach, Haley has uncovered beneath the chronicles of white America the raging heart and tenacious history of a people in captivity. □

SURVIVOR

*the light shivers through*
*the bus window,*
*cracked trees standing*
*in a cloister,*
*grey and brown waves*
*high above the river.*

*stooped in a shadowed cliff*
*where no one sees him,*
*I find a man one hundred*
*years old,*
*washed up from the ocean*
*arms of prison.*
*I open his jacket—*
*he has the face of a miner*
*long underground,*
*the eyes of a father*
*I used to know.*
*when they wanted to let*
*him out*
*shiny as a fish,*
*he had no where to*
*go.*

*the bus crosses many bridges.*

L.M. Jendrzejczyk

# ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

As a prelude to dipping into the new season, we offer the following patriotic, symbolic, ironic and technological events of architecture observed during the Bicentennial summer.

*Patriotic*: In keeping with the inspiration of Jefferson, who doted on the arts and architecture, President Ford dedicated the white-columned, $2.5 million Hall of Golf this summer. . . . Elsewhere, equally conscious of their patrimony, residents of countless courthouses, city halls and town structures made frantic searches for cornerstones that had been obliterated with their contents of 100 years ago. Meanwhile, more such capsules were diligently planted in buildings with even less chance of surviving for a century.

*Symbolic*: Buckminster Fuller's acrylic Expo dome went up in smoke while the designer of similar roofing for the Montreal Olympics sang a tune of it-couldn't-happen-here to interviewers. . . . The cover of the latest AIA Journal, a restudy of the John Deere office building designed by Eero Saarinen, featured a tree that obscured most of the structure; two months earlier, the professional journal had run the photograph of ruins of an ancient monastery on the cover. . . . The new architecture school of Mississippi State University, perhaps cognizant of the above, opened its new quarters in a former "Cow Palace" of 1925, setting design classrooms and the like within the structure's former stalls.

*Ironic*: As a sequel to the depression era pattern of having make-work crews create parks and preserves and engage in regional planning in the likes of the TVA, construction workers spent this summer widening highways, piecemeal, throughout the country. . . . Equally alert to the economic exigencies of the hour, the Museum of Modern Art has inched ahead with its plans to enter the real estate business via the design and construction of a high-rise condominium that would shadow or efface the current structure and its superb courtyard sculpture garden. . . . The Japanese, quick to learn the Western way, downed Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel in 1968 and have now *reconstructed* part of the masterpiece (Tokyo Williamsburg?); the mockup uses new materials because the Wright structure "was not very rational"—despite its ability to withstand the catastrophic earthquake of 1923.

*Technological*: *Architectural Record*'s annual engineering issue ("Four Acres of Weathering Steel Top Niagara Falls International Convention Center. . . . The Sky's the limit for . . . why caulk when gaskets are on the job?") is gleeful about technology. "Apparent everywhere is great agility of thinking," opine the editors. Along with solar experiments, pedways in Los Angeles and the Roosevelt Island tram, the engineering enthusiasts highlight "the pre-patinated copper trim," of the Bank of Canada, a mirror-glass building that reflects Ot-

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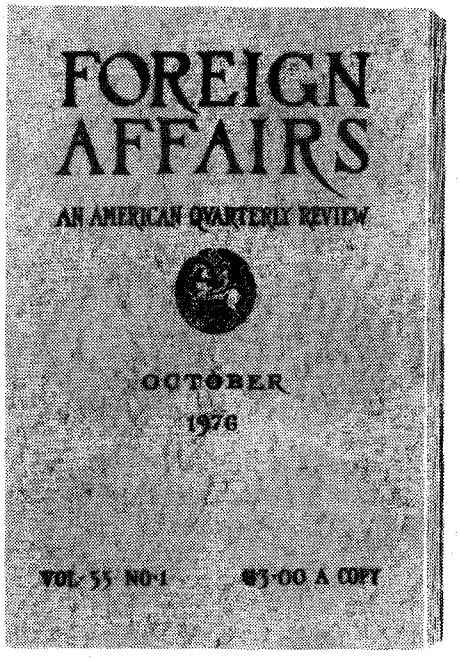


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tawa in its wobbles; the pegging of a ski lodge and, wonder of wonders, the Criminal Justice Center in Modesto, Calif. for its skill at designing a firing range "that would be open and at the same time provide 'total bullet containment!' "

"A toadstool," Mark Twain noted amidst the mechanomania of his day—"the vegetable which springs to full growth in a single night—had torn loose and lifted a matted mass of pine needles and dirt of twice its own bulk into the air, and supported it there, like a column supporting a shed. Ten thousand toadstools, with the right purchase, could lift a man, I suppose. But what good would it do?"

Now there's a question we should capsule and bury in our cornerstones for the new season—and the next centennial. □

# MUSIC

## DAVID HAMILTON

The great moments in Rossini's comedies are those ensembles of stupefaction: the unexpected has occurred, all stand momentarily silent and then begin on vocal tiptoes to pronounce the confusion of their minds, gradually working up a tonal storm. Music to make soufflés rise—or, if not carried off with fizzing lightness and virtuosity—to make them fall flat. In the La Scala performance of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* at Washington's Kennedy Center, every soufflé rose to perfection, guided by the springing lightness of Claudio Abbado's baton and enchantingly housed in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's witty staging. The company of singers—Lucia Valentini Terrani (Cenerentola), Luigi Alva (Don Ramiro), Paolo Montarsolo (Don Magnifico), Enzo Dara (Dandini), Claudio Desderi (Alidoro), Margherita Guglielmi and Laura Zannini (the two stepsisters)—worked together like the finest of string quartets, matching and echoing every articulation, every flight of floridity, even the irrationally and irresistibly funny over-trilling of the Italian "r" in the second act sextet (*"questo è un gruppo rintrecciato"*). The Scala orchestra furnished just the measure of zing and flourish that is missing in Abbado's recording of the opera (with a different orchestra and mostly different cast, on Deutsche Grammophon 2709 039). Ponnelle wittily choreographed the changing patterns of the confusion, always hand in hand with the score.

La Scala's attention to Verdi (*Macbeth, Simon Boccanegra*, and the *Messa da Requiem*) proved no less riveting to the ear, although Giorgio Strehler's stylized productions of the two operas displayed an occasionally distracting preference for the picturesque tableau over the revealing interaction of character. Macbeth and his Lady trailed yards of train and often expressed drapery rather than personality. A ship was docked by Boccanegra's front porch, for no apparent reason except to allow its sail to be raised and flood the set with light at an effective moment.

Even these and similar excrescences were at least visually striking; Strehler and his designers (Ezio Frigerio for *Boccanegra*, Luciano Damiani for *Macbeth*) have taste and an eye for color, and managed to contrive some stirring moments. But the heart of these performances lay in the fire and delicacy, the power and precision that Abbado conjured up from his marvelous orchestra and from the incomparable chorus (trained by Romano Gandolfi). The prelude to Amelia's aria in *Boccanegra* with its perfectly articulated trills, the interweaving sighing figures of the exiles' chorus in *Macbeth*, the almost inaudible opening of the *Requiem* and the near-unbearable climax of the *Tuba mirum*—any one of these would have justified the voyage. The sheer commitment of these performances was treasurable, because that commitment expressed itself in the infinite care and hard work necessary to make every measure alive and expressive.

On this foundation, Abbado was able to build strong, forward-moving, flexible performances, giving his singers room to work without ever losing momentum. Almost all of the singing was competent and to the dramatic point, if little of it was luscious in an old-fashioned sense. Shirley Verrett's compelling Lady Macbeth, appropriately throaty in sound and sweeping in musical gesture, was particularly memorable, and Katia Ricciarelli brought a touching urgency to the soprano part of the *Requiem* (especially touching from this singer, whose obvious natural endowment not so long ago seemed to be fatally derailed). Among the others who impressed were Piero Cappuccilli (Macbeth and Boccanegra), Veriano Luchetti (Macduff, Adorno and the *Requiem*), Ruggero Raimondi (Fiesco and the *Requiem*), Raina Kabaivanska (Amelia), Felice Schiavi (Paolo) and Marilyn Horne (*Requiem*).

On the debit side, La Scala brought the remains of Franco Zeffirelli's lavishly realistic *Bohème* production, well known from the Karajan film version. Although José Carreras and Ileana Cotrubas made an attractive pair of lov-


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ers, Georges Pretre's mucilaginous, rhythmically turgid conducting drove me from the theatre after the second act. It was the only sour note in a memorable week. (Both *Cenerentola* and *Boccanegra* were taped by National Public Radio for broadcast later in the fall, and a Scala recording of *Macbeth* has just been issued on Deutsche Grammophon 2709 062, with substantially the same cast heard in Washington. One of Strehler's more dubious inspirations—having Macbeth's letter read over loudspeakers instead of spoken by his wife—has been expunged, and the ballet music is included. I am still not fond of Nicolai Ghiaurov's crude singing as Banquo, but this is far and away the best recording of the opera.)

From Milan to Paris was, operatically speaking, just a Metroliner ride during the same week, for Rolf Liebermann's reconstituted company from the Palais Garnier had taken up residence at New York's Metropolitan (it would later follow La Scala at the Kennedy Center). The basic difference between the two companies might well be defined in these terms: La Scala is an Italian company, at its best embodying a still strong tradition in a way that is a national glory; Paris is an international machine for operatic production, drawing on the world's most expensive and celebrated talents. Of the native French tradition little is left, although every cast did manage to include at least one French principal and the repertory had one French opera, Gounod's *Faust*—in an irrelevantly and frivolously stylized 19th-century ambiance suggesting the Crystal Palace, performed without a shred of stylistic consistency. If this is the best Paris can do, then French opera is in trouble.

The Giorgio Strehler who staged Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* for Paris and the one who staged Verdi for Milan may be the same man, but you would not have guessed it from the productions. No mere pageant, this *Figaro* was carefully thought out, meticulously detailed, specifically characterized. It leaned strongly on the erotic undertones of the opera (much more convincingly than Rennert's version shown at the Met last season), and the consequent sacrifice of fun was not compensated for by Georg Solti's rather unrelenting, deadpan, underarticulated conducting. With the inclusion of the infrequently sung arias for Marcellina and Basilio at the beginning of Act IV, it all made for a long and rather sober evening, though I admired much of the singing and acting by Edith Mathis (Susanna), José Van Dam (Figaro), Frederica von Stade (Cherubino), Tom Krause (Almaviva), Michel Sénéchal (Basilio) and Jules Bastin (an Antonio with uncommon presence).

Verdi came off best at Solti's hands, in a frequently intense performance of *Otello*. Joseph Svoboda unconventionally set the opera against tiered, whitewashed Eastern Mediterranean walls and ramps, with Act II in a chapel, Act III a bit cramped though not usefully claustrophobic. In the long run, I would miss the sense of sky and sea that Verdi's first act calls for, but for one performance there were ample rewards in some brilliant aspects of Terry Hands's staging: the barracks-room, male-competition flavor of the drinking scene, the tricky business of the handkerchief, the considered timing of entrances and exits. With some operatic experience, Hands may acquire a surer sense of what singers ought and ought not be asked to do. Desdemona sitting for the *Willow Song*, kneeling for the *Ave Maria* would have been more effective than Desdemona standing for the whole episode, for few singers have the resources of body language that Hands required; they are best at singing and should be left to concentrate on expressing themselves that way whenever plausible.

Perhaps in response to this challenge, Margaret Price, a really exquisite singer, resorted to an emotive vibrato at this point that missed the desired effect of terrified repose. Elsewhere, she produced some of the most beautiful sounds heard on the Met stage in years. Carlo Cossutta sang Otello remarkably well, and embodied the straightforward "leader of men" in Act I with considerable success; later, his physical resources were inadequate to embody the necessary tension. Best of all was Gabriel Bacquier, a Iago who remembered (uniquely in my experience) his subordinate position to Otello, so that the third act curtain (*"Ecco il Leone!"*) acquired a special power. Here and there the performance missed fire, but never when Bacquier was in command of the stage. □


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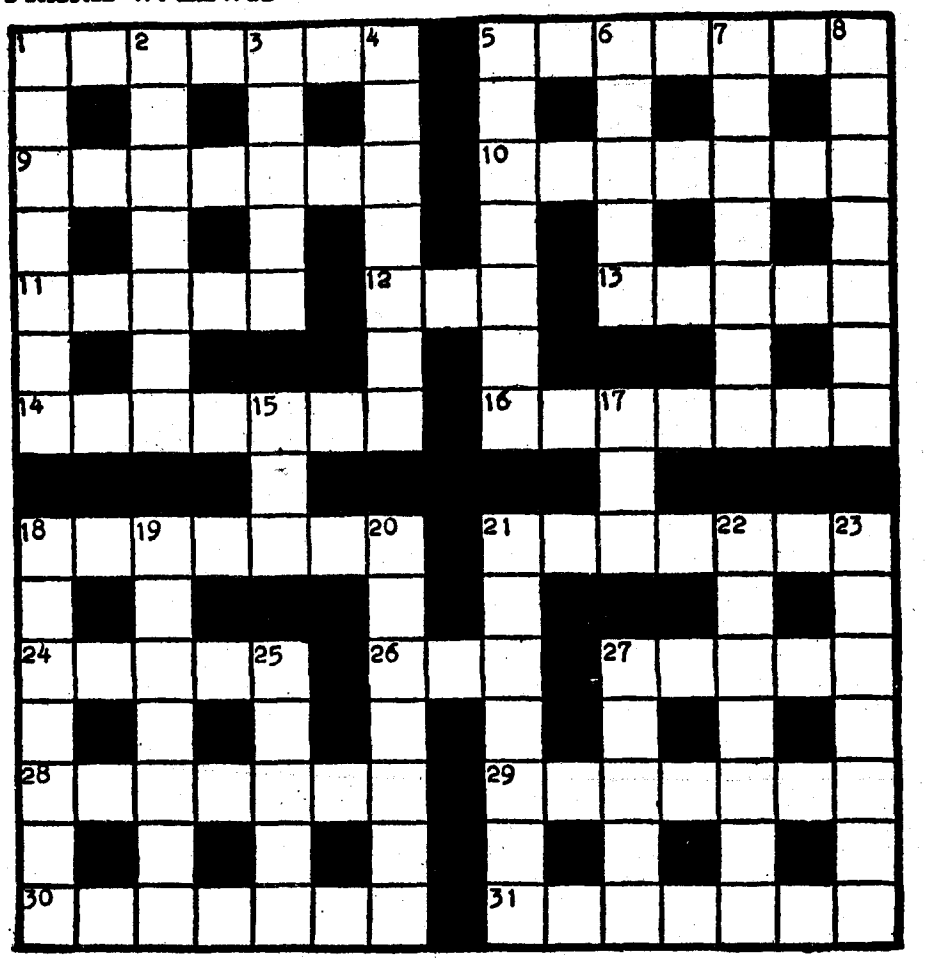
# Crossword Puzzle No. 1648

**FRANK W. LEWIS**



ACROSS

1 and 18 across Not all shadow shows plate replica is made from it. (7,7)
5 As a guess, a rather unusual way to soften the blow. (7)
9 What one should be doing up, before moving on the fly. (7)
10 Garnishing the conversation, with a certain amount of smearing involved.
11, 12 and 13 Possible accompaniment to a solitary sentence. (5,3,5)
14 Back up with your name, perhaps. (7)
16 Suggests a seasonal account when the total amount is given to a girl. (7)
18 See 1 across
21 In the case of Sherlock, more than one 17 were doing it. (7)
24, 26 and 27 Indian, possibly, with America as Huxley conceived it? (5,3,5)
28 A strain of mice replacing the rose in 14, found in a particular place. (7)
29 Sounds like the class that comes after 7 is to pass from one shade to another.
30 Spirits that might appear differently as holy men, or bands of them. (7)
31 The adjudicator commonly employs what the yes-man never does. (7)

DOWN

1 You can drink such things, but can you also shoot them? (7)
2 It might make our eyes water if you and I got mad about it. (7)
3 I bring up a foreign assembly to it, which is an interesting story. (5)
4 Take the pledge along with your suitcase, perhaps. (7)
5 Refers to the fact that everything gets somehow used. (7)
6 and 17 No real opposition from one, since the arms want changing. (5,3)
7 A little song might be somehow trite, with a beginning and a finale. (7)
8 Awkward age, but rely on it, in an expectant way. (7)
15 Saw, perhaps, what might be on the tombstone. (3)
18 They might be old devices. (7)
19 Hero-associated French, English and German articles. (7)
20 Were they professional girl-watchers?
21 The old girl seems to encourage her betters! (7)
22 One might make such incursions differently on raids. (7)
23 Rhea, typically. (7)
25 Might be the measurement of a type confronted in an insect. (5)
27 If your ship comes in, perhaps you'll find it here. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1647

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Alexandre Dumas; 9 Tuesday; 10 Ocarina; 11, 12 and 13 Not on your life; 15 Cordovan; 18 Madder; 20 End table; 23 Onyx; 24 Valuer; 25 Nab; 28 Floored; 29 Niagara; 30 Token. DOWN: 1 and 31 Act in good faith; 2 Elector; 3 And so to bed; 4 Day by day; 5 Exodus; 6 and 16 Dead weight; 7 Mailing; 8 Sea-nettle; 14 Better half; 15 Come off it; 17 Innuendo; 19 Drydock; 21 Bengali; 22 Mad dog; 26 Beach; 27 Iron.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